

# THE LIGUORIAN



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**BITTERSWEET**

Close together  
Lie tears and laughter;  
We laugh when happy,  
An instant after

The tears well forth  
From the eyes, unbidden.  
There must be streams in  
The heart quite hidden.

Where joy nor sorrow  
Is flowing single,  
But in deep caverns  
They intermingle

And when the heart stirs  
With high emotion,  
They flood the spirit  
Like some vast ocean

Whose waters shine with  
The sun's warm gladness  
And yet are bitter  
With salt of sadness.

— L. G. Miller.

# FATHER TIM CASEY

## THE BACKWARD CATHOLIC PRESS

C. D. McENNIRY

"OH, LOOK! Isn't that a copy of the Catholic paper on the table over there? Let us see what it has to say about our Married Women's Rally last Sunday." Gentle, timid, nervous, little Mrs. Blake was all eagerness — none of which however was communicated to her more stolid and substantial companion.

"That sheet!" snorted Mrs. Sylvester. "I cannot bear the sight of it."

"But it is the only place where we can get the Catholic news."

"I should prefer going without the Catholic news to reading such a miserable rag." Mrs. Sylvester set her jaw, stuck out her puss and relapsed into silence.

Poor little Mrs. Blake felt that she had to say something, but try as she might she could think of nothing but the stupid question: "A — er — don't you like it?"

"Like it! !!" Mrs. Sylvester picked up the offending journal between thumb and forefinger and dangled it before the eyes of her companion as though it were a dead kitten. "Cheap! Cheap! The paper is cheap, the print is cheap, the contents are cheap. The news is stale, the editorials insipid, the articles amateurish —"

"Bravo!" cheered Father Casey, who just happened by. "Bravo! Mrs. Sylvester. That is the very thing we want, more interest in the Catholic Press. Even though you knock, knock with vigor. Editors prefer that to lingering death in an atmosphere of total disregard and indifference. Of course, you have sent in your criticism to the editor."

"No. No, Father, I have not written anything to the editor."

"But how do you expect to contribute towards the improvement of the Catholic press if you do not send in your criticism — not mere ballyragging, but constructive criticism — to the editor? He is the only one able to profit by it."

"Ah, really, I have no time."

"No time to speak where you might do the paper some good, but plenty of time to injure it by unqualified condemnation, as you were doing just now with Mrs. Blake?"

"I was just telling her what I thought. I am sure," Mrs. Sylvester protested, "I should be as happy as anyone to see in this country a really efficient Catholic Press capable of combating the enemies of our holy faith."

"Is that the way you promote it? You refuse to send in helpful suggestions to the editor. Instead you carry on destructive propaganda among your neighbors thus discouraging subscribers and increasing the already great difficulties of the publishers. Which are *you* helping — the faith or the enemies of the faith? What are you — a soldier loyal to the standard under which you are enlisted on the day of your Confirmation, or a fifth columnist?"

"I AM afraid," Mrs. Blake interrupted, "that anything Mrs. Sylvester says to me will neither help nor harm the paper. My husband absolutely refuses to subscribe."

"You have insisted?"

"Times without number. I just hate to see the children with the godless daily paper in their hands. It can do no good to their faith or their character, to their mind or their morals. He realizes the danger too, but he will not hear of the Catholic paper. I cannot understand it."

"Mr. Blake probably associates," the priest suggested, "with somebody like Mrs. Sylvester here whose only contribution towards the Catholic press is unreasoning condemnation. Such boring from within makes more impression than one would suppose. It produces in the minds of some people an almost unconquerable antipathy for our Catholic papers — to their own spiritual harm. To contribute towards the spiritual harm of the neighbor is scandal. In the bible you will find some pretty plain talk about scandal givers. And see how the infection of scandal spreads: here is, not only your husband driven to hostility against the Catholic press, but also your children restricted to the pagan secular dailies —"

"I must say this for my husband, Father, he is very strict about forbidding the children to read anything in the daily papers he thinks they should not."

"Mrs. Blake, you have had enough experience with children to know that is not enough. They must not only be forbidden to read dangerous, sensational trash, they must be given something to take its place; otherwise their appetite is whetted for the very things forbidden them."



"Yes," Mrs. Blake added, "and they will find a way of satisfying that appetite in spite of all prohibitions, as my husband discovered a few days ago. It almost shocked him out of his stubbornness."

"A few more such shocks may bring him around. Why don't you find an occasion of letting him see how much solid, reliable information is given by the Catholic press?"

"I do. Last night after the children had gone to bed we spent a long time sitting by the fire. In the course of our talk I mentioned, for instance, the number of Catholics in England and Wales and the percentage of increase during the past decade, the way the Lutheran Bishops of Norway opposed the Nazis, the number of priests in prison camps, the fact that the Brothers of religious orders are exempt from military draft, while even priests must bear arms in many other countries. Finally he said: 'For the love Mike, Lola, where do you get all that dope?' And I said: 'In the Catholic papers you are always knocking.'"

"Splendid!" cried the priest. "Just keep that up. When the truth is continually forced upon him that our papers carry so much dependable and worthwhile news that never appears in the secular dailies, he will finally yield. His own common sense will conquer his prejudice against the Catholic press."

"I do feel like a piker, though," Mrs. Blake declared, "always borrowing the paper from the people next door or watching my chance to skim through it here in the sodality room."

"You can have Mrs. Sylvester's copy," Father Casey suggested, "she does not read it."

"To tell the truth, neither do I subscribe to it," Mrs. Sylvester replied.

"And you were growling because it looks cheap. Cheap indeed it would be if the generosity of all Catholics were on a par with yours."

"**W**HY should I subscribe for a paper that is not worth reading?"

"Because it is your duty as a Catholic to help build up a Catholic press that is worth reading. Not worth reading, eh? You have just heard Mrs. Blake tell how even her husband admits that it carries important news not found in the secular dailies."

"For myself," Mrs. Sylvester returned, "I have never seen anything in the Catholic papers that I had not already read in the secular

dailies — and so long before that I had forgotten it.”

“There was a time when our diocesan organ could not boast of its news, except perhaps of St. Wenceslaus’ ice cream social and the bishop’s Confirmation appointments,” Father Casey admitted. “But did you not notice the marvelous improvement since it subscribed to the N.C.W.C. News Service (a service, by the way, which bids fair to become the most reliable news gathering agency in the world)? Did you not notice that?”

“I cannot say that I did.”

“And what is the reason,” the priest demanded, “you did not notice it? Because you do not read the Catholic news. What is the reason you did not notice the editorials of the brilliant young writer recently added to the staff? Because you do not read the editorials. What is the reason you did not notice the articles on the Pope’s encyclical which caused a stir even in non-Catholic circles? Because you do not read the articles. Isn’t that a fact?”

“Well, yes, I suppose it is,” Mrs. Sylvester admitted.

“And yet you, who never read the news or the editorials nor the articles have the nerve to go about broadcasting that the news is stale, the editorials insipid, the articles amateurish. Is that fair? Is it honest? Is it truthful?”

“I know I ought to show more interest. No doubt the editors are doing their best,” replied Mrs. Sylvester, her vast calm wholly unruffled.

“No, they are not doing their best. Far from it. How could you expect them to do their best with the cooperation you and Catholics like you afford them? The wonder is that they have the heart to do anything at all.”

“Sometimes one wonders,” drawled Mrs. Sylvester, “whether it is not all wasted effort. They can never hope to compete with the secular press which is backed by such enormous capital, which has reached such a high degree of technical perfection. Since the Catholic paper cannot hope to supplant the secular, Catholics will continue to take the secular paper instead. Then what place, one might ask, has a Catholic press in the American framework?”

“WE ARE not talking,” the priest reminded her, “of factories that turn out so many pounds of bodily food at so much a pound.

We are talking of intellectual food, the things of the mind, the things of the spirit. The secular press has subordinated these things to mere money-getting. That is a great wrong — something akin to the crime of simony which presumes to price eternal goods in dollars and cents. The secular press comes daily into your home with its load of intellectual food, food for the soul, food for the spirit. But what kind of food? After devouring this food, is your soul, is the soul of your child, strengthened? Is it brought nearer to God? Is it enlightened with regard to its only end and purpose? Is it braver and stronger and wiser to overcome the deadly dangers that would turn it away from its final end? Or is the opposite true? That was not a load of intellectual food, but of intellectual poison. Your soul, the soul of your child, needs a prompt and efficacious antidote. That antidote is supplied by Catholic literature — Catholic papers and magazines, Catholic books and pamphlets. Hence there *is* a place, a very clear and definite place, for the Catholic press in the American framework."

"I will go further," Father Casey warmed to his subject. "There is a supreme, a unique place for the Catholic press in the American framework. Two things are necessary for the Catholic press; there must be money to pay for it; there must be freedom to publish it. In America we have both; in the rest of the world they have neither — at least in a great part of the rest of the world. The war, the blockades and counter-blockades, the high cost of living have made paper so scarce and printing so expensive that most Catholic journals were forced out of business. Of the few that still manage to struggle on in reduced size, the majority are so cramped and hampered by censorship that their usefulness is practically destroyed. They dare not come out boldly and state God's law or they would be suppressed and their editors thrown into jail. And this among peoples who had built up such a splendid Catholic press, and who would do the same tomorrow had they the means and the freedom."

"And we who have both," the priest continued, "shall do nothing? Shall we neglect and squander the great gifts God has given us and thus deserve to be deprived of them? No country in the world stands in greater need of a strong, virile Catholic press than ours. Daily our printing presses grind out tons of literature ignoring or even opposing God's law regarding religious worship and divine faith, God's law regarding honesty, purity, obedience, God's law regarding the duties of

parents and children, husbands and wives, employers and employees, citizens and office holders. God's truth, fearlessly and clearly preached by the Catholic Press, is the only dike to dam up this flood before it overwhelms everything decent and Christian in the land. Loyal, whole-hearted cooperation of clergy and laity is necessary to build up the Catholic press. This is no easy task. Hard work is demanded and big sacrifices and invincible enthusiasm. And what do we find? Instead of work, laziness; instead of sacrifice, niggardliness, even to the point of begrudging the price of a subscription; instead of enthusiasm, defeatism. It is thus we repay the gifts of God!"

**T**HIS was a scathing denunciation of Mrs. Sylvester, only the dear soul did not hear it. She had caught sight of an item in the diocesan paper.

"Oh listen to this," she cried, "it says here that the ladies of St. Mary's—that's *our* unit—made the best impression of all in the Married Women's Rally."

### *The Cost of Catholic Education*

It costs Catholics over \$40,000,000 a year to conduct their schools.

Replacement of their buildings would cost over \$500,000,000.

Were the children of the elementary schools suddenly to be given to the government for their education, it would cost the government over \$131,000,000.

The replacement of Catholic high schools would cost \$117,000,000.

The replacement of *all* Catholic schools, grade and college, would cost around \$700,000,000.

### *Last Call*

Robert Ingersoll, the celebrated atheist, once called on the clergyman, Phillips Brooks. It was at a time when the latter did not ordinarily receive callers, and Ingersoll was at first refused admittance. But when Brooks learned who wished to see him, he hurried to meet him.

"Why did you make an exception for me from your usual rule?" asked Ingersoll.

"Well," said Brooks, with a twinkle in his eye, "When my parishioners call, I know that I will have another chance to see them, either here or hereafter. I am not so sure in your case."

# HOUSES

## THE HOUSE OF PROGRESS

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It is hard to know what is going to happen to people under different possible future circumstances. No one guessed the truth in this particular story of real life.

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D. F. MILLER

I KNEW these people from away back. They were an admirable couple when they married, and, together with all their friends I predicted a happy future for them. Their background was solid; their training was complete and sound; their love for one another seemed strong enough to withstand whatever blows Providence might ordain. Perhaps, in our prophecies, we thought of the wrong things. We thought of hardships and misfortunes, and knew that such things would never shake them. We did not think of success and material progress, and—well, that's where we made our mistake.

### 1.

A table lamp, the only light in the room, cast a bright glare over the dining room table. Harry Lannon sat at one side of the table and his pretty, still young-looking wife, Nora, sat at the other, while I hovered more or less in the shadows behind them. Their three children were in bed. Before them on the table were sheaves of blueprints, unrolled and held down at the corners by salt and pepper shakers, knives and forks, and a sugar-bowl. They had called me in for this last, decisive conference about the plans, but in the enthusiasm of their spirits almost forgot me.

"We'll O.K. them tomorrow," said Harry, leaning back in his chair. "I can't think of a single further improvement."

"Neither can I," said Nora, happily. "It's going to be a perfectly grand house." Then, turning sober for a moment: "Except that it does come to considerably more than we expected. Can we keep up with it, making the regular payments, getting all the new furnishings we'll need, and all that?"

"Now don't you worry about that part of it," reassured Harry, winking over his shoulder at me. "That's my job. As things are going now

we'll have it more than paid for in five years."

His optimism allayed Nora's last fears. "It all seems like the most impossible dream come true," she said. "When we started out in this old house ten years ago, our plans for a new home of our own seemed so far off, so distant — what did we do to deserve all this?"

"Well, we stuck together," said Harry, "unlike a lot of couples we know. And then too we struck it lucky these last two years. If property values hadn't begun to rise a little to give me something like an income we would be in this house and perhaps worse for the rest of our lives. We're on our way now. We're going places. I'll let the contracts tomorrow. In a few months we'll be in the new house and settled down. Let's celebrate with a drink of something. From now on we won't have to keep wine in the house for medicinal purposes only. . . ."

2.

The new house of the Lannons marked a transition in their lives as definite as if they had moved to Patagonia. The old house had been in one of the older sections of the city, not at all run down by the encroachments of business concerns, but definitely dated and unprogressive. Those who lived there did not expect to be taken for more than ordinary struggling common people. The new house was far and away across the city, out in one of the expanding quarters where every house was a new house, modern and up-to-date, if not always architecturally beautiful. Even the links with old friends were soon worn thin, because it was hard for the latter, who traveled mostly by street-car and bus, to reach the new house in a suburb where every home-owner had enough means of transportation in his own car.

I called on the Lannons a few months after they had settled down. In the old house I had had many a happy visit, the children and I frequently making quite a shambles out of the living room with our boisterous antics. Nora had never seemed to mind; indeed, often she would have Harry call me asking me to come over if I stayed away for any length of time. What with one thing and another, I had not been able to get out to the new house until now.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening — one of the few evenings I did not have instructions or preparation for marriages or other meetings to tie me down. This had always been the best time for the children because they were usually ready for sleep after I got through tussling with them on the floor of the living room or in their play-room.

Things were different in the new house. First of all I was met at the door by a girl I did not know. It was the maid. Nora heard my voice and came in at once, followed by the children, who leaped at me like a long lost uncle. They were put to rout abruptly.

"Children! *Children!*" said Nora, peevishly. "Let Father alone." Then to the maid: "Alice, take the children up to bed at once."

I expected an uprising at this, but I was disappointed. The children were somehow cowed. Their first outbreak had been but a momentary throw-back. At Nora's command they just drooped, and with backward glances at me (and, I thought, at all the dead past) they went off meekly with Alice.

I immediately began to express my admiration over the new house. I insisted on being shown around. Nora showed me everything, but there was something of restraint in her manner. When we got back to the living room Harry came in. His cordiality seemed genuine. He was glad to see me.

"Did Nora show you the shack?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "and I think it's exquisite."

Harry smiled at me as if I was just a little underprivileged mentally. "It's all right," he said. "But it's not exactly what we want."

"We're learning by experience," said Nora brightly. "There are so many things one cannot rightly judge from seeing them only on blue-prints. Next time we'll do better."

"Next time?" I said dazedly.

"Yes," said Nora. "We're already thinking of next time. You see, property and houses have almost trebled in value during the past few months. We have a number of people clamoring to take this house off our hands as soon as — as soon as we can get what we want ourselves."

"There's a piece of property," said Harry, "out in Oak Lawn that I have my eye on, and I can get it for the mid-depression price it cost the firm of realtors I work for. We got it almost for the back taxes alone. Now as soon as we get our plans completed, we're going to build out there."

Oak Lawn! I all but gasped. That was the gold coast of the city — the special preserve of the 400. Harry must be making money hand over fist.

"We really cannot stay here," said Nora. "It is such a job to get decent servants to live away out here. Then too, we forgot to figure on

special quarters for a maid and a chauffeur. We have to keep the maid in our guest room, and you know what that means. You simply cannot imagine what a problem it is to get capable help these days. All our friends are complaining."

*What friends, Nora?* I thought to myself. *Not the old friends, who used to come over and help you in the old house when one of the children was sick. You're changing, Nora; something is happening to you; this house is spoiling you.*

I don't remember much more of the conversation, but it was all along the same lines. They offered me a cocktail, a fancy thing I had never heard of before, and about nine o'clock I left. I looked up at the second story windows as I stood outside and thought of the children, to whom Alice was probably reading a bed-time story. "So long, pals," I said in my heart. Aloud I said: "Good-bye, Nora. Good-bye, Harry." I did not add my usual: "See you again." My heart was like lead.

3.

A year passed. I had heard nothing from the Lannons, nor had I sought them out. Whenever they came to my mind I thought of them as settled in Oak Lawn among a bevy of servants, holding court to a new batch of friends. I was busy with my St. Vincent de Paul Society and other parochial duties.

Then one evening I had just stepped out of the elevator in the Morrison Hotel, where a group of us had held a dinner-meeting and laid plans for a forthcoming convention, when I felt a rough slap on the back and heard a rather thick voice shout at me:

"If it isn't my old friend—I'll be da-dashed."

I looked around and there stood Harry Lannon. He teetered toward me on his toes.

"Harry," I said, "you're drunk."

"No, Father," he said jovially. "Not drunk. Never get drunk. Jush, jush a little happy. S'happy t'see ya. Wanted see ya for a long, long time. Y'gotta come home with me."

"I'm very busy, Harry," I said. "Besides you couldn't talk straight anyway. Some other time."

Harry grew comically serious and took hold of my arm. "No," he said. "Gotta see ya now." He leaned toward me again confidentially and said sibilantly: "Wantsha to shee Nora. She's—she's bad."

"Is Nora sick?" I said quickly.



"No. Not shick," he said. He braced himself. "She-sh worsh than shick."

I pondered a moment. Somebody ought to take Harry home, and it might as well be I. Besides, I might find out what the mystery was.

"Come on, Harry," I said. "We'll take a taxi."

The ride was long, but I made it longer. I kept the windows open to let the cool evening air stream in on Harry. It sobered him up after a while. At the end he insisted on paying the cab-driver, and we stood at the curb looking up at the gorgeous mansion that was now the Lannon home.

"I'm glad you're with me," he said dolefully. "I've been scared to death every time I went into my house the last two months. Everything's gone phlooey."

"What happened?" I asked, wanting at least an inkling of what I was in for.

"It's this," he said. "We can't keep this house. And it's breaking Nora's heart. And she's taking it out on me. Talk to her, Father. You talk to her."

"Come on," I said. "Let's go in."

We entered the house and I stood for a moment in awe of the grandeur around me. Oil paintings on the walls, statuary on pedestals, great hanging drapes and deep carpets. There was no sign of anybody around.

We sat down in the huge living room and Harry went to a cabinet and took out a bottle and a glass.

"None for me," I said, "and I hope you're not taking any more this evening."

He hastily put the bottle back and closed the cabinet. I looked around and saw Nora. She had entered the room noiselessly.

"Hello, Nora," I said casually, as if there had been no year's break in our acquaintance.

"Good evening, Father," she answered, her eyes fixed on Harry who was still standing near the liquor cabinet. "Did you bring Harry home?" There was ice in her tone.

"We met by chance downtown," I said. Then I found myself explaining how I happened to be in the house, almost as if it were an apology. That's how Nora's attitude and atmosphere affected me. "It's been so long since I saw either of you, and I used to have such grand times in

your — your home, that when Harry invited me I thought I'd come up with him."

Nora sat down. "I'm glad you came," she said officially. "Perhaps you'll be able to do something with — that man." I knew from those two last words why Harry insisted so strongly on my accompanying him home.

"Why Nora," I said, "what's the matter?"

"Everything's the matter," she answered. "He's not only drinking himself crazy and disgracing us, he's neglecting his work, his business, his home, everything."

Harry came over and stood beside my chair. "Let me talk too, Father. I'll admit I've been drinking. But I want you to know this, that I've had nothing but — but hell ever since we moved into this house. I can't stand it — I —"

"Sit down, Harry," I said. "Pull up that chair and let's talk the whole thing out. What's been going on between you two?"

They both started to talk at once. "One at a time," I shouted. "One at a time! Let Nora talk first."

Nora began. "Everything was lovely until we were just comfortably settled here. We had dreamed about it, planned for it, worked day and night over it. A month after we got here Harry came home and told me we couldn't keep it. His income was not sufficient. Then I noticed he had been drinking. At first there was only the odor of it on his person now and then. Then I would see him stumbling up the front steps, and the neighbors could see him too. Then he had to be brought home by some playboy friend almost every night. And I have to take all the disgrace and to sit here waiting to be thrown out into the street with the children and all just because he's running around with that fast set of drinkers and neglecting me and the children and his business and everything. I can't stand it much longer. I can't stand it." She climaxed her statement with a fit of hysterical weeping. I let her weep and turned to Harry.

"Well, Harry?" I said.

He was pale and miserable and cold sober now. He talked calmly and carefully, choosing his words. "It's not so bad as it may seem, Father, but it's bad enough. I'm not broke. I still have a good job. I'm making more money than a lot of people and more than I deserve. But real estate is not as good as it was a while back. I'm not making enough

to keep up a palace like this, fool that I was to get into it in the first place. What I didn't know was how much Nora had her heart set on it. She hasn't been the same since I first suggested that it was too much for us. All I've heard since then was that I was a failure, I wasn't doing my duty, I was squandering money, I was a drunkard. Honest to God, Father, I never once drank to excess before this began. It's no excuse, I know, but I just couldn't stand it around here. I even got it from the children, when I was allowed to see them without a bunch of servants around. It can't go on. That's all."

"Yes," said Nora tearfully. "But you were so sure we could have this house. You were the one who pushed it. And you're the one who is ruining it. What will my friends say if we have to move? What will the neighbors think of us? Where will we go?"

*Ah, Nora, Nora, I thought, where have you gone? Where's the Nora of the hard hands of toil, of the busy hours and the happy laughter? Where's the Nora I saw over a washing machine and in the kitchen over a hot stove? Where's the Nora that married Harry Lannon eleven years ago, for better for worse? This is not Nora. I don't know this Nora. She has different ideas, different principles, different ambitions.*

There was, I saw, no use in argument now. I wanted a reprieve from this vain discussion between a man who had built up foolish ambitions in his wife and the wife who had made the ambitions a chasm between them.

"Are the children in bed?" I said. "I want to see them."

Nora glanced at her watch. "No," she said, "but the maid will be putting them to bed soon. They are up in their play-room and it's too late to see them."

"I'll find them," I said brazenly. "You two stay here."

Feeling like Alice in Wonderland I climbed the great stairs. Above there were corridors and doors on all sides, but I heard restrained children's voices not far off. I opened a door and saw them. Young Harry, the eldest, about 10 now. Janet, now eight. Bobby, five. The maid was playing some kind of genteel game with them. They had all but forgotten me, and answered my greeting rather distantly. I told the maid she could leave and when she had gone I sat down on the floor.

"Listen, gang," I said. "I bet you don't remember a single one of the tricks I taught you a couple of years ago."

For a moment they looked at me in a puzzled way. Then young

Harry said boastingly: "I do. You taught me a one-two punch."

"You *would* remember that," I said. "Have you used it on anybody?"

"Naw," he answered. "I never get a chance."

By this time Janet was in a remembering mood. "You used to swing me up to the ceiling," she said. "Swing me," she commanded.

"All right," I said. "Harry, you get out the gloves while I warm up with Janet and Bobby."

In no time the place was a bedlam. The younger children were yelling for a turn at being swung into the air and Harry was trying to tell me that he did not have any boxing gloves but that he could show me the one-two with his bare fists. Finally I paused for a breath and said to him:

"Go get some socks or stockings — the bigger the better. And bring as many towels as you can find. We'll make some boxing gloves."

He brought the stockings — they looked like an old pair of his mother's. We stuffed the ends full of towels and thrust our arms into them. We promised each other to hit only with the fluffy towels at the end of our fists. I made Janet the referee and Bobby the audience. I knelt down and squared off with Harry.

His one-two needed brushing up, so I gave him a few instructions. Then we went at it in earnest. In the midst of a flurry I happened to look aside, and saw Nora and Harry Senior standing in the doorway. I saw them for only a moment. As I looked up, Harry Junior's one-two reached maturity, and one bare fist emerged by accident from the midst of the stocking and towels. It caught me flush on the nose. The tears blinded my eyes and the blood gushed from my nostrils. I hung on for dear life and literally covered the boy with blood.

4

I have never been much at master-minding the reactions and motives of other people. In fact I am constantly being amazed at things that happen in people's lives without any visible and explainable reason. What happened after my technical knock-out gave me a new opportunity for amazement.

My nose had stopped bleeding. The children were in bed. I lay on a davenport in Harry's den, a cold cloth around my neck. Both Harry and Nora sat looking at me. There were basins of bloody water and stained towels on the floor.

"Go ahead and laugh," I said. "He all but knocked me out. So what? I want a return match."

Harry looked at Nora and Nora looked at Harry. I saw by the looks that for all the bitterness they had not drifted so very far apart.

Harry said: "Let's let him have it, Nora, and call ours off. What do you say?"

There was silence for a moment. Then the old Nora appeared again, the Nora of the twinkling eyes and the carefree spirit. "All right," she said, casting aside all the encrusted notions of the previous two years. "But we will need a different house for the return match."

"Water! Water!" I cried out, making my presence known. "I think I'm going to faint." And just to prove it, I got up and shook hands with both of them.

### Canned Missionary

Robert Louis Stevenson used to relate the following amusing story told him by a South Sea trader. This trader was in the habit of carrying all sorts of tinned meats, which the natives bought with avidity. Each tin was branded with a colored picture—a cow for beef, a sheep for mutton and a fish for sardines. It happened that the firm which furnished the mutton thought it might be a good plan to alter its label, so that its line of goods might be more easily distinguished from that of other companies. The mark chosen was the figure of a frock-coated, portly individual in a chimney-pot hat. The natives at once came to the conclusion that the tins contained potted missionary, and there was a great run on the new line of goods.—*Catholic Deafmute.*

### Epitaph Department

Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great-niece of Burke, commonly called the Sublime. She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious; also she painted in water-colors, and sent several pictures to the exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones; and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

—Pewsey Churchyard, Wiltshire, England.

## Three Minute Instruction

### ON RESTITUTION

One of the strongest incentives to honesty and strict justice towards one's neighbor arises from the fact that for every sin of injustice restitution must be promised, attempted and as soon as possible made, as a condition of being forgiven by God. The general rules, which are a part of the natural law, concerning restitution of another's goods are as follows:

1. For those who have come into possession of another's goods without committing sin, for example, by finding them, the natural law requires that they be returned to the owner if and when it becomes possible. This means that a finder must seek out the owner of a lost article in a prudent way, and with a diligence proportionate to the value of the article. If the owner cannot be found even through earnest effort, then the finder may keep what he has found. If the owner turns up later, the article must be restored unless it has been used up after a search for the owner.

2. For those who have committed sin in obtaining another's goods, these rules must be followed:

a) He must restore at once if he is able.

b) He must promise to restore as soon as possible if he cannot do so at once. While he does not have to deprive himself or family of the necessities of life to make restitution, he must nevertheless try to make some sacrifice to be able to restore soon.

c) Restitution must be made to the one from whom the property was stolen, or to his heirs if he be dead. If it is impossible to find the owner or heirs, he is still bound to restitution and may make it to the poor, or the missions, or the Church. He may not keep stolen goods under any circumstances.

d) It is not necessary that a man reveal himself when he makes restitution. He may protect his good name by restoring the goods anonymously or through a third party so that no one learns that he is the one who stole from another.

These rules apply to anyone who has acquired the goods of another in any unlawful way, whether by lying, cheating, deceiving, etc. To remember them and to remember that there is no forgiveness for injustice except on condition of a promise of restitution is to arm oneself with the strongest possible resistance to temptations to theft in any form.

## "ADVERTISING" RESISTANCE

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"What fools these mortals be!" has been the comment of many a person on the subservience of others to the advertisements. But wait! their turn will come.

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L. G. MILLER

"AT THE next tone signal," came the velvety voice of an announcer, "it will be exactly 8:30 o'clock, eastern standard time." There was a pause, followed by the familiar sound of the gong, and then in upon our ravished ears there broke the fresh young voices of a male quartet. The tune they sang was the familiar *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles*, but the words as nearly as we could gather ran as follows:

"I'm forever eating Pepsies.  
Pepsies, full of vim and bran  
They taste so swell,  
They make me feel so well,  
That all the world I want to tell:  
Pepsies are a winner,  
I'm a Pepsies fan,  
I'm forever eating Pepsies  
'Cause they're full of vim and bran."

"Yes, folks, it's Pepsies Hour," came the winning voice of the announcer. "Pepsies — that extra-delicious, super-nourishing breakfast food which gives you that pepped-up feeling. Try Pepsies tomorrow, and join the Pepsies parade to health and happiness."

"I wonder," I said, "if these Pepsies are all that they're advertised to be."

My companion did not answer me directly. He merely snorted and reaching over, turned off the radio with a decisive click. We were sitting in his apartment, where he plied a fertile practice as a psychoanalyst. His name was J. Atkinson Peabody.

"Don't you believe it," he said. "You take all the advertising you hear over the radio and all you read in the magazines and discount about 75 per cent of it, and you'll still be about 30 per cent short of the truth."

Something, I thought, must surely have happened to make my friend

feel so bitterly disillusioned. But I did not press him. I smoked my pipe in silence and waited for him to speak.

"Poppyclock, that's what most of it is," snorted Dr. Peabody, "and I'll tell you what finally convinced me of the truth in the matter.

**I**N MY profession, *said the doctor, settling back in his chair and placing his fingertips together*, I run into many types of persons. I may say that I am inured to surprise and shock. But not many months ago a woman came to me whose story, when I managed to draw it forth from her subconscious mind, really depressed me more than anything I had heard in a long time. When the case came into my hands, the poor woman was beyond help. But she told me I could use her story in order to serve as an example for young women, to keep them from suffering the same horrible fate which was hers.

The mistake made by this young woman, whom I shall designate as Miss X, was that she had been too trusting, I might almost say too gullible. She had actually taken the advertisements at their face value; she had believed in them implicitly. This young woman had reached the age of twenty, endowed by nature with a fair measure of beauty. She presented a smart appearance, and was fairly well educated, and as is natural in girls of that age, thought it was high time for her to look about for a husband.

Now if she had contented herself with using the equipment provided her by nature, with perhaps a few little embellishings, she would have achieved her purpose, I feel confident, in a very short time. But she did not do so. Attracted by the men she saw portrayed in the magazine and billboard advertisements, who generally are, as you know, muscular individuals with a handsomeness that hardly has its equal in real life, she decided to secure one of them as a soul mate. Meanwhile, she told herself, she would carefully make use of the means which, according to the advertisements, were absolutely infallible in gaining the affections of any and all members of the male sex.

The first thing that the advertisements thrust incessantly before her eyes was, of course, a warning against the unpleasantness of person which has come to be designated either as B.O. or as B.B. According to numerous advertisements, to overcome this handicap (if it existed) was to assure oneself of a romance in less time than it takes to say Psychoanalysis.



You know the type of advertisement to which I refer. You see a picture of a wedding party, and there in a corner by herself stands a girl with a look of dismay upon her pretty features. This poor girl, we are informed, has been *Often a Bridesmaid But Never a Bride*. And why has she never been a bride? The answer is not left to the imagination. It is because she is afflicted with B.O. If she wants to be a bride, she has only one thing to do. Only one. That is: rid herself of B.O. How? Simply by using *No-odor*. One application of *No-odor*, and proposals will fall about her like snowflakes in winter.

Or else a pretty girl is seen standing by herself with a disconsolate expression on her face. A short distance away two or three young men are grouped, with distaste written all over their features. Beneath the picture is the caption: *They Begged For Introductions, But No One Took Her Home*. Upon reading the fine print, we learn that the only reason why no one was found who would take her home was because of the fatal B.B. Let her only purchase a bottle of *Gorgeous Gargle*, and not only one but a score of handsome young men would be anxious to take her home as well as to propose marriage at the first opportunity.

Now the trouble with Miss X, as I have said, was that she placed implicit confidence in these advertisements. She purchased a vial of *No-Odor* and a bottle of *Gorgeous Gargle*, and made liberal use of both of them, and then one evening went to a dance prepared to accept the most handsome of the half dozen men who would undoubtedly fall head over heels in love with her.

The evening wore on, and nothing resembling a proposal was forthcoming. The young men danced with her, but none of them appeared particularly lovestruck. Miss X returned home in tears, but she was not ready to give up the struggle. She made even more liberal use of *No-Odor* and *Gorgeous Gargle*, and attended one party after another in search of romance. Alas, her efforts were in vain.

**T**HEN one day as Miss X paged through a magazine she came upon an advertisement which informed her that the one infallible means of achieving a romance was to use perfume. Not any kind of perfume, but a perfume called *Exotic*. If she would only make use of this perfume, the advertisement informed her, and even illustrated the truth with pictures, a glazed look would come into the eyes of the first

handsome man she met, and their formal introduction would be followed immediately by a proposal of marriage.

So Miss X, all aglow with excitement, went out and bought a phial of the perfume (at a price, she informed me, which was exorbitant), and before attending her next party, sprinkled or sprayed it freely about her person.

But the results again were a complete disappointment. She danced in turn with several handsome young men, but each of them was cordial to her and nothing more; none of them asked her to sit this one out on the balcony beneath the glorious stars and the moon just made for romance. In fact, the last young man she danced with was brutal enough to say to her after they had been dancing for a little while: "Good Grief, what's that stuff you've got on? You smell like a flower show." Miss X was deeply hurt, and she returned home again that evening, as we may well suppose, in tears.

Well, I will not bore you with details of the next three years in the life of Miss X. Suffice it to say that with a kind of grim desperation she followed the prescriptions of one advertisement after another. She polished her teeth with Pepsolum Toothpaste, because the advertisement recounted the sad story of the girl who had been the *Life of the Party—Until She Smiled*. The handsome young men who surrounded her had taken one look at the tartar deposits on her teeth, and romance had been nipped in the bud. The implication was, of course, that with shiny teeth (infallibly brought about by Pepsolum) one could continue to be the life of the party even after one had smiled, and gaining a husband would be as easy as picking up an acorn under an oak tree. But Miss X, after scrubbing her teeth four times daily with Pepsolum for two months without finding romance, was inclined to feel quite disillusioned in the matter.

She next sought success by the use of a particular shade of nail polish. *As Evocative of Romance*, the advertisement said, *As Moonlight and Distant Music. Use Our Amethyst Nail-Polish and Lipstick, and the Man of Your Heart Will Be Attracted To You As By a Magnet*. This sounded promising. Miss X spent hours in putting on her make-up before attending her next dance, but again the advertisement had deceived her. There was indeed one handsome man at the dance who continually looked in her direction, and her heart began to beat faster, but what was her dismay to overhear a chance remark by this man

which dashed her hopes to the ground. "Miss X is a very pretty girl," he said, "but why on earth does she want to make her lips and fingernails look as if they were blue with the cold?"

In the course of the next few months, she followed in turn the soap advertisements (*Make Your Complexion Look As Divinely Fair and As Radiantly Young As the Springtime*), the face powder advertisements (*Attract Romance By the Satin Smoothness of Your Skin*), and even an advertisement for shoes which called them *The Shortcut to Glamour and Romance*. All to no avail. The years had passed, and far from achieving romance, Miss X had been transformed into a cynic and a disillusioned hater of mankind. When she came to me, there was little I could do except offer her my sympathy."

DR. PEABODY ceased speaking, and heaved a sigh as he reached for his whiskey and soda, turning on the radio as he did so.

"A truly tragic case," I said. "And do you blame the advertisements for her predicament?"

"I certainly do. They made her regard as essential what was only accidental. They ruined her life, because they promised her things which they were unable to achieve. Do you wonder why I think so little of this advertising racket? Do you wonder why I regard it as nothing but a pack of lies?"

I could only agree with him as over the radio the voice of an announcer told us in well modulated tones that it was the third inning of the ball game between Detroit and Chicago. And then the announcer proceeded to put in a little plug for his employers.

"Do you suffer from insomnia?" he asked, solicitously. "Are your nights sleepless? Try *Beeper's Blue Blossom Pills*. They soothe your nerves. They relax your muscles. They quiet a nervous stomach. They tone up your blood. They fill you with a peace and serenity that mean so much to a hard working professional man, especially in these days of world unrest. Just ask your druggist for *Beeper's Blue Blossom*."

I saw that Dr. Peabody was listening closely to this harangue.

"Just what I need," he muttered, "I must make a memo to buy some of those pills. Oftentimes I can't sleep at night, and they may be just the thing."

"But I thought you didn't put any faith in the ads," I said.

"Oh, but this is different," said Dr. Peabody. "This announcer

knows what he's talking about, anybody can tell that. Let me see now. what was the name of those pills — Beeper's Blue Blossom. I must get a supply of them before another day has passed."

### Gigantic Bedlam

Here is a description of Russia, given by Economist Freda Utley in the *Atlantic Monthly* a few months ago, after six years spent in the Soviet Union:

"Unfortunately for France and Britain the USSR had never come near to being what either its friends or its foes imagined. It was never either a socialist paradise, nor was it ever strong enough to constitute a menace to the capitalistic world. It was, and is, a gigantic bedlam in which grandiose plans cannot conceal appalling inefficiency, want and misery; a country in which the whole energy and time of the majority of the people are concentrated on the struggle to secure enough to eat, a room to live in, a pair of shoes or an overcoat, while their main preoccupation is avoidance of arrest by the secret police. The Russian worker has no more interest in foreign policy, world revolution, or Russia's national interest than the medieval peasant had in the feuds of his overlords. His fears are manifold and constant: Fear of having his wages docked for being a few minutes late at the factory because he was unable to fight his way on to one of the crowded street cars; fear of losing his job because he cannot on his meager diet always keep up the pace set by the better fed shock worker or foreman; fear that some fellow worker will denounce him to the OGPU for having grumbled."

How pitiful if the real democracies should so weaken themselves as to become a prey to this emaciated image of a nation!

### All For All

A communist (he was engrossed in a Communist magazine) was riding on a train. He was occupying the seat next to the window. On the seat alongside him he had piled his coat, hat, papers, and a multitude of other objects. The train began to fill. People were looking for seats. Did the Communist remove his articles to the rack overhead and make room for one of the seat-seekers? Not at all. He remained oblivious to all things around him. The car filled up. There was one seat still vacant. It was the extra seat next to the Communist. A clear example of sharing the wealth put into practice.

## THE SAVIOR OF MUSIC

(GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA)

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He set a standard for church music that has never been surpassed and at the same time inscribed his name on the roll of the all-time great musicians.

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F. A. BRUNNER

ENGLISH literary history proffers a startling paradox in the obscure biography of its greatest poet. Little beyond conjecture is known of the life of William Shakespeare. His picture, his will, his marriage, his religion, his political leanings, his birthplace — yes, his very birth is a matter of debate. Perhaps he never lived!

Similar clouds envelop much of the life of the renaissance's greatest musician, and if critics have not actually foisted Palestrina's compositions onto Victoria or Pope Marcellus (as Baron Bacon received credit for Shakespeare's dramas), they have left little else unchallenged. The biography written in 1818 by the distinguished papal choirmaster, Giuseppe Baini, is pretty but unreliable because founded for the most part on unfounded legends.

Giovanni Pierluigi — John Peter Louis — takes his surname from the rambling hill-town of Palestrina, twenty-four miles from Rome, where he undoubtedly played the organ for some time and where, in all probability, he was born in the early sixteenth century — choose a date between 1516 and 1526. The family, a peasant group, was rather well-to-do, we are led to believe by the myth-informed Baini. But, outside of that, history tells nothing of his origin and youth.

Rome took little John Peter into her musical bosom when he was about ten years old. He sang in one or more of the basilica choirs. He began receiving instructions at St. Mary Major's under the maestro, Giacomo Coppolo, and later studied composition under a certain "Gaudio Mell," as the story goes — though who this teacher was is not ascertainable. At any rate, Palestrina learned music not in a splendid conservatory or under special private tutors, but in a far more practical — and in that measure, more beneficial — way, by actual singing, actual choral work in the basilicas of the Eternal City. A voice raised in prayerful song is better training than all the theory in books and work-papers. That he

learned well is attested by his appointment as choirmaster of the cathedral of St. Agapitus in his native town.

Fortune favored Pierluigi by the election of Cardinal del Monte, bishop of the little mountain city, to the papal chair as Julius III. The new Pope set up his promising protégé as master of the Julian chapel at St. Peter's. This first position at the Vatican was slight in salary but rich in honor. It brought Palestrina into a distinguished circle of church musicians — men of the type of Arcadelt and Viadana. Spurred on by the honor accorded him, and desirous of showing his gratitude, Palestrina in 1554 dedicated to the Pope his first published compositions, five Masses for four and five voices. With the printing of these pieces, Palestrina was launched on a career of writing that mounted, in the Breitkopf and Härtel edition of 1862 to 1894, to thirty-three volumes, and Msgr. Casimiri has since undusted manuscripts hitherto unknown which add up to several more volumes.

By all these works Palestrina proved himself the musical giant of the sixteenth century and the greatest of all church composers. No orchestral music, no compositions for violin or piano, no operas or musical plays — all his work was choral and for the most part ecclesiastical. And in this field he stands pre-eminent. He wrote in an idiom called polyphony, the contrapuntal style which may be described as the art of combining melodies. A campfire chorus singing simultaneously *Just a Song at Twilight* and *Beautiful Ohio* illustrates the contrapuntal idea in its simplest outlines. In Palestrina counterpoint reached its sublime.

**R**OUGHLY speaking — very roughly — European music divides itself into three periods: first, the period of planesong, culminating in the tenth century, when all music was vocal and unison, and conformed to one or other of the eight church modes; then the polyphonic period, which reached its height in the sixteenth century, with music still vocal for the most part and still conformed to the ecclesiastical modal system, but become contrapuntal in character; lastly, the modern period, which may be said to have begun with the eighteenth century, wherein music has become basically harmonic in structure and is written in the new keys of the major and minor modes. The change from counterpoint to chordal harmony was caused chiefly by the growth of instrumental, orchestral music.

For musicians — and much more, for non-musicians — trained and grained in the idioms of today, it is difficult to understand or appreciate the music of Palestrina and the contrapuntalists. Because their music is vastly different from ours. There is a point which cannot be too much stressed: polyphonic music, though chronologically of the renaissance age, is medieval in mold. True, it displays all the polish of renaissance art, but not the renaissance spirit. It is of the olden temper. Polyphony, in fact, is closely linked to Gregorian chant. Although the contrast between the one-dimensional planesong and the multidimensional counterpoint of Palestrina is tremendous, the modal system basic to polyphony, the system which gives it life and color and emotional sway, is the system of the Gregorian chants, in color and feeling medieval. Between planesong and polyphony there is therefore a gradual and organic development; between polyphony and modern music a break.

It must be borne in mind, as the clue to all medieval and renaissance music, that the practice of tone-combinations then involved no idea whatever of chords as modern theory conceives them. The characteristic principle of the vastly preponderating portion of music in the past three centuries is harmony technically so called, that is, chords, solid or distributed, out of which melody is mainly evolved. Homophony — one part sustaining the tune while others serve as support and color — is now the ruling postulate. The chorus music of Europe down to the seventeenth century, on the other hand, was based on melody alone. The renaissance composer never thought of his tone combinations as chords; he worked, you might say, horizontally not vertically, weaving together several semi-independent melodies into a flexible and accordant tissue. In today's homophonic music the tune or melody is resident in only one voice — all others cling to it as a mainstay. In homophony the emphatic auditory interest is concentrated on one line at a time, while other lines possess little or no special identity. The idiom of polyphony, on the contrary, is marked by a prevailing equivalence among the tone lines. The lines are matched against each other and the texture is, in consequence, one of diffused and dispersed interest, for each line is practically a separate tune, neatly fitted into other concomitant tunes.

Contrapuntal chorus music gained its maturity in the middle of the sixteenth century. For five centuries this art had been sprouting, constantly putting forth new tendrils which interlaced in luxuriant and ever-expanding forms. It was an art of great and wide development.



To one man it was given to put the finishing touches to this wonder of medieval genius. Palestrina was more than a flawless artist. He was the embodiment of that musical expression which had found its voice in the multiforms and patterns of invention and fugue and canon. Palestrina made counterpoint produce the finest possible results. He worked with greater delicacy than even his Belgian contemporary, Orlando di Lasso, with greater polish than his Spanish disciple, Tomas de Victoria. The contrapuntal skill of his writing is masterly yet never parades itself. Its most beautiful effects he produced with apparent spontaneity; frequent chord harmonies of enchanting loveliness seem to be undesigned. Indeed Pierluigi found the soul dwelling in the tangled skeins of polyphony. His is therefore no random renown, for his was one of those masterminds which absorb and formulate guiding principles and characteristic traits of an age, to express them as no one else would or could.

The choral music of Rome had been long in forming. Belgian and Dutch musicians had imported to the Eternal City the intricate textures of their canonic imitations. Italy itself had developed a less elaborate style in which the voices moved apace, in block formation. Palestrina's training made him a medalist in either style, which he cleverly used indifferently and in combination. The skill of his composition no one denies, no one questions. In few, if any, of his pieces is there evidence of groping and groaning and travailing with inchoate and untried methods. Whether he employed the more elaborate fashion of the Netherland school, as in the Sanctus of the famous *Pope Marcellus Mass*, or the plainer style of the Italian, as in his compelling *Stabat Mater*, his touch was sure. Delicately he combined the two molds as in the Gloria of the *Missa "Assumpta est,"* and produced unmatched masterpieces.

**B**UT Palestrina's work lay deeper than in the art alone. His work was liturgical, intended for public worship. For Palestrina there was no clear-cut line between his art and his devotion. One was at the service of the other. Unlike Disko Troop in *Captains Courageous*, Palestrina failed to "keep things sep'rate." And herein is concealed his real significance.

When in 1555 the harsh octogenarian, Giovanni Cardinal Caraffa, became Pope as Paul IV, he was fully determined to reorganize the



papal choirs in accordance with canonic prescriptions. The reform meant a little trouble and hardship for Palestrina, for he was a married man — he had married Lucrezia Gori in 1547 — and was legally ineligible for membership in the papal choirs. But though Paul IV dismissed the young musician, it was Paul IV who ordered the singing of Palestrina's *Impropéria* — (Mendelssohn is said to have considered them Pierluigi's best) — by the Sistine choir on Good Friday, and the music has remained in the Holy Week repertoire of St. Peter's ever since.

During the succeeding years Palestrina was kept extremely busy as choirmaster in the church of St. John Lateran, then in the Church of St. Mary Major, and later at the Roman Seminary. This period of his life coincided with the papal enforcement of the church music reform decrees of the Council of Trent then in session. The Council was determined to rid church music of its astonishing secular qualities: the use of street ballads and other popular airs — even ribald drinking songs — as motifs for the counterpoint in place of the *cantifermi* extracted from planesong melodies; and second, the riotous and complicated counterpoint with which the sacred texts were overrun. A committee of eight Cardinals was set up in Rome, its task primarily to reorganize the papal choirs. But they did much, too, in a secondary way, to purify church music in general. Palestrina's role in this reform has been much distorted by the well-known, ill-founded tale of the *Pope Marcellus Mass* — how only the hearing of this grand composition forestalled a sweeping condemnation of all music except Gregorian chant. Actually, Palestrina did author and aid the reform, but in a more serious way, by showing in his own compositions the spiritual possibilities of polyphony when in the hands of a devout and earnest composer. Improvement came about more because of Palestrina's unconscious display of grave spiritual perception than because of any forthright reformatory efforts on his part. In his writing he received the encouragement of St. Charles Borromeo, a member of the reform committee, and the inspiration of St. Philip Neri, for whose Oratorios he wrote many pious pieces. It was these spiritual associations as much as anything that fitted him for his providential task as "savior of music." In his own work Palestrina built the foundations of the reform: to eliminate all themes reminiscent of the theater or resembling the music sung in the dance hall; and to reject mazy musical forms and

elaborations that tended to mutilate and obscure the liturgical texts. Palestrina's creations will forever stand out as the embodiment of the spirit of the Catholic counter-reformation. To him composers of church music can look for the principles on which to frame their own works. Palestrina's artistry was always secondary to his liturgical aims. His one and only purpose was the adornment and development of the texts of Mass or Office. By adhering to the ecclesiastical scales, by clinging to purely religious thought and excluding anything like passion, Palestrina produced works which have remained to this day patterns of true church music. Like the planesong of another century, Palestrina's music is impersonal, aloof, other-worldly — the detachment of the medieval hermit, the rapture of the medieval mystic. The standards of composition which Palestrina established came gradually to be called "the Palestrina style" — the style officially approved by Pope Pius X in his *Motu Proprio* of 1903, when he conferred on the master of ancient Praeneste the glory of authoritatively furnishing models of church composition comparable to the Gregorian chants.

**P**ALESTRINA lived on contentedly in Rome, conducting, teaching, writing — and making money, for he was a shrewd practical man as well as an artist. He married a second time, a wealthy widow named Virginia Dormuli. Proudly he assumed the title, "composer to the Apostolic chapel" which Pope Sixtus V personally bestowed on him in lieu of other positions which his lay and married state rendered him incapable of holding. Year by year his compositions mounted up in grandeur and number: 262 motets, 92 Masses, 68 offertories, 45 hymns — these figures give some indication of his astounding genius. His seventh volume of Masses was being printed the very month of his death. The growing years took their toll, however, and when in January of 1594 he was seized with an attack of pleurisy he had not the strength to stave off death's hand. He died on the feast of the Purification of Mary, attended, tradition witnesses, by St. Philip Neri, his life-long friend and counsellor. At his funeral the Sistine choir sang his own beautiful setting of the *Libera*. He lies interred in St. Peter's before the altar of Sts. Simon and Jude, his grave marked by the short but significant epitaph:

JOHN PETER LOUIS OF PALESTRINA  
PRINCE OF MUSIC.

## STORY OF A GIRL

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A flash of the rarest kind of idealism, offered to a world that takes so many of its greatest blessings for granted, or turns them into instruments of evil.

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E. F. MILLER

I WAS taking a walk through the park. Trees rose high above me, the leaves on the branches heavy and green. Flower beds lined the path. It was evening and there were few people abroad to break the silence and the charm of this bit of paradise that a city had created in the midst of the dirt and slums and melancholy squalor that characterize all big cities. I was alone, with the beauty of nature as my palliative against the rush and business of the day, and with my thoughts as my only companions.

I turned a corner. There on a bench alongside a tree, and almost sheltered from sight sat a girl. She was stooped over as she sat, and her hand was carefully feeling the ground about her feet. A purse lay not a yard away. Evidently she had dropped it and was now trying to find where it had fallen. Why didn't she see it? Strange, I thought. I watched her for a few moments longer, and then went over and picked it up and handed it to her.

"Is this what you are hunting for?" I asked.

She looked up, and I beheld two eyes of the bluest blue that I had ever seen. Authors of fiction in popular magazines often go to great lengths in an effort to describe feminine eyes. Sometimes the results are ludicrous and banal, producing no other effect than laughter on the part of the one who reads. I do not want you to laugh. And yet what can I say? They were as blue as any sky that had ever ceilinged the earth. At the same time there was something softer about them than the blue of the sky — something soft and velvety like violets just blooming. Unembarrassed they looked at me directly from behind long lashes. So extraordinarily fine were they that for a moment I stood entranced. Then I remembered my manners, and turned away my glance.

"Oh, thank you," she said. "I was wondering what had happened to it. I'm blind, you know." She said it simply, unaffectedly, as though she were commenting on the weather or exchanging a greeting.

A STRANGE chill came over me, and man though I am, I must confess that a lump gathered in my throat. "I'm blind, you know." Just like that. The words echoed in my ears. And of a sudden the leaves on the trees seemed greener than they had before, and the flowers took on added facets of color and light. Even the grass on which I stood, some of it fading now, no longer appeared worn and withered.

"Oh," I said — and was silent. What more could I say in the face of so great a tragedy? No appropriate word of sympathy formed on my tongue, no light witticism to show that I did not even notice the deformity, or rather imperfection, or that it didn't mean much anyway. It did mean much. It meant a world of darkness, an eternity of night. It meant imprisonment in a cell that held no trees, no sun, no stars or moon; no charging seas, no changing seasons, no towering mountains, no rolling plains. It meant exile from beloved faces and familiar scenes. It meant — well, I know not what except misfortune such as few are asked to bear, and despair that should of necessity follow. In the briefest moment I seemed to plumb the depths of deprivation in which this girl dwelt.

I looked at her more closely. She was hardly more than nineteen years old. She was of average height, as slender as a reed though not thin, and perfectly formed. Her apparel was impeccable, according to the fashions, but in perfect taste. Her hair was blond and naturally curly. A wisp of sun coming through a patch in the leaves overhead was shining on it now, making a sheen like an airy halo around her face. There was just a touch of color on her cheeks and lips, bringing out the incomparable loveliness of her skin.

This girl is perfect; she is beautiful, I thought; more beautiful than any of those who are held up to us in the pictures and the papers as the paragons of beauty. Hers is like that of a masterpiece Madonna, a quiet beauty like that of an enclosed lake when evening falls and no breeze stirs to cause the tiniest ripple on the waters.

IT TOOK no more than a moment, I repeat, for these reflections to pass through my mind. But the time was long enough to make her wonder.

"You're pitying me," she said smilingly. "Please don't." I sat down next to her. "No, please don't. I don't mind it, really."

"You don't mind it?" I asked wonderingly.

"Not at all. Mazie has it a lot harder than I have."

"And who is Mazie?"

"She's my sister. She brought me out here this evening for a little fresh air. Right now she's off somewhere buying us some ice cream cones. Isn't that nice?"

"It certainly is."

"Mazie is a saint, though of course you're not to tell her if she comes back all of a sudden, because she wouldn't like it at all. But she is. Just imagine, if you can. She's twenty three years old and refuses absolutely to go out steady with boys, and that even though stacks of them are around all the time. And don't think that she isn't pretty for I'm told that she could win a prize anytime hands down if only she wanted to. Sometimes when I can't sleep I imagine what Mazie looks like, and do you know what I see? I see an angel, all bright and shining. And that's the truth."

"But why won't she go out with boys? Doesn't she like boys?"

"Sure she likes them. She says that she's going to stay home and take care of me. Our mother and father are dead and we're all alone. Mazie gets everything set for me each morning, and then she goes to work. When she comes home in the evening we go out for a walk or she reads to me, or something else like that."

"That's wonderful," I said.

"Wonderful is no word for it. I've told her a dozen times if I told her once that I'd be willing to go to an institution that takes care of the blind. But she won't listen. Honestly, I don't want to spoil her whole life for her. Who am I to do such a thing as that? But oh, I love Mazie for what she is doing. You simply can't understand how much I love her." The blind girl's face was turned away from me, but I could see tears in her eyes. She made no effort to brush them away.

"But I can understand," I retorted. "Any girl who would do so grand a thing for her sister is not an ordinary girl by any means. I work in a big office down town, and I assure you that I see so little of human kindness that there are times when I wonder whether it exists any more. And now this. And right in the middle of the city."

Two sparrows descended from a branch and lit on the girl's lap. A bluebird joined them. She smoothed their backs, took them up in her hands by turn and puckered up her lips for a kiss. They showed no fear. I looked on in silence, in amazement. Never in my life had I

seen such strange things as I was seeing that afternoon.

"They come every time I appear in the park," she said. "I know all the birds now — and they know me too. Not even Mazie can get them to sit in her lap the way they sit in mine. I can't quite make it out. Sometimes there will be a dozen different kinds — at least so Mazie tells me — I can't see them, you know," she smiled, "and they will be singing around here till it's better than a concert over the radio."

"You've been telling me all about Mazie," I said. "But how about yourself? Don't you feel pretty sad about your own . . . ?"

"Not *pretty* sad. A tiny bit at times, perhaps. But not much."

"Well, now, that seems rather odd, doesn't it?"

"Not at all. I look on it this way. I am just a trifle less better off than the rest of people."

"A trifle?"

"Sure. Did you ever know anybody who could see around a corner or over a mountain? Or grasp with their eyes anything more than the smallest particle of the beauty of the ocean or the magnificence of a rose?"

"Not exactly, but . . ."

"That's it. I see just a little less than they do. They can see as far as the sky or as far as a door. I don't see quite that far. And I think that I can see a lot more with my imagination than they can with their eyes."

"It's all very true what you say, but still . . ."

"However, some day . . ."

"Oh, then you expect to get better some day? Are you going to have an operation?"

"No, I don't mean that. I am talking about heaven. I think that what I missed on earth will be made up in heaven. I think that possibly my eyes will be sharper in heaven than the eyes of those who could see on earth. Never having seen a human being, imagine how wonderful it will be to see a million human beings, not the least of which will be Our Lord and His Mother. And they will be far more beautiful than the greatest masterpieces that I hear about in our museums. And I will see it all, and maybe even understand how beautiful it all is. When I think of it, I find it difficult to wait until that day comes. I'm

pretty healthy, so maybe it won't come for a long time." She smiled again.

"That's a fine thought alright; but to me it seems pretty long to wait till heaven comes to have any joy."

I KNEW that I should not be talking this way, but this girl intrigued me strangely; and it was not the warmth and dazzle of her smile that did it. It was her viewpoint, so different from that of the world in which I lived. I could not visualize *myself* blind. It would drive me crazy. And then all of a sudden I knew. It came on me like a flash. *I could not take it.* She could take it because she had schooled herself through the years to discipline. She had trained her will as an athlete trains his body. It was not one resolution to see good fortune in misfortune that had made her so extraordinary a person, but a long series of resolutions—and all of them carried out into action. That—and Faith. Her faith told her her place in the scheme of things on earth, and her reward when the earth would be no more. These added up and made a greatness of soul that only a God could truly evaluate.

"There's another reason why it's not so bad," she broke in on my thoughts. "I know from the radio and from some of the books I heard read that the world is an awfully wicked place. I'm afraid that if I could see I might do wrong with my eyes. Wouldn't that be terrible, after God has been so good to me in giving me Mazie and all the other things I have? Oh, I never want to do that. Never. Never." It seemed as though she was no longer talking to me, but rather to herself, or to some nearby persons seen only by herself. Then she continued. "And all the misery and poverty and sickness in the world. It would kill me if I had to watch people suffer and couldn't do anything for them. So I guess that it is all for the best. Don't you think so?"

I HAD no answer. We sat there silently for perhaps five minutes. "Maybe I'm talking too much," she finally said shyly. "I don't even know who you are for I don't recognize your voice; I never forget a voice."

"Who am I? Listen. I'm a man getting on the oldish side of life, skinny, bald-headed and definitely homely. They say I have a lot of money. What they say is true. I have. And until now I thought that

## THE LIGURIAN

that was about all that mattered. To keep on making money until the final curtain. I never robbed anybody at the point of a gun; I never killed anybody; I have always tried to be a good neighbor and a worthy citizen. But now I know that I have been in the dark about the really important things of life more than you have been in the dark about the things that can be seen with the eyes. I assure you that I have learned a lot in our short conversation."

"From me?" Laughter that sounded like music to me rang on the stillness of the evening air. "All right. If you are going to say funny things to me, I'll say funny things to you. I'm going to ask you a question, and since you are oldish and homely and rich, perhaps you can answer it. Can you tell me the color of my eyes?"

"The color of your eyes?" She was joking now, joking about her blindness. Again the lump gathered in my throat. I looked at those eyes, and for the second time I failed to find a simile for their blueness. But now it was different. Now I knew that they were sightless, that they were blind. For a moment I found it impossible to answer. I coughed and blew my nose and called myself a sentimental fool. At last I managed.

"Why, blue, of course."

"Blue?" she asked. "That's what Mazie tells me. But what is blue?"

I stumbled and stuttered till her laughter again rang out on the stillness of the evening.

"Here, here," cried out a voice from afar. "What goes on in my absence?" A young lady drew near with two ice cream cones in her hands. She might have been the twin of the blind girl, so closely did she resemble her. "There you go, Helen," she continued, "making friends as soon as I have my back turned. You know how I warned you about that."

"Mazie," I said. "I know all about you, and I'm pleased to meet you." I stood up. I spoke with a kind of reverent awe that I did not know was in me. In the presence of these two girls I felt small and unimportant and useless. "Yes, I know all about you. All that I want to say is thank you, thank you."

"Thank us?" they both asked. "What have we done?"

"You know," I answered. I took first the blind girl's hand in my own, and then Mazie's. That was all. I bowed and left.



I AM writing this story from my monastery cell (where now I live). And as I look back to that evening in the park, I wonder if they did know. And I feel that it would almost have spoiled it if they did. Such power as they possessed might have been lost in the knowledge of its possession.

### Unexpected Revelation

It seems that this church was just starting, and there were no extra funds in the till to be expended on superfluities. There was not even enough money for the buying of vases for the flowers to be used on the altars. Yet, a great feast was coming along; and surely no feast could be complete if there were no flowers on the altar. The sacristan (an ancient man of some ingenuity) scratched his head and furrowed his brow in an effort to find out what he could use for vases.

As he was puttering around the yard one day, his thoughts heavy upon him, he suddenly beheld before him almost hidden in the grass a heaped up pile of empty beer bottles. These he gathered up at once, for an inspiration had suffused his brain. He would cover them with crepe paper, and make them serve for the missing vases.

The services for the feast came off beautifully. And never in the short history of the church had the altars been decorated so tastefully. The people were enthralled. And then came the fire. A candle toppled over. Before a hand could be turned the altar was in flames. Confusion followed; water flowed; women wept; men gave orders. It was fifteen minutes before the fire could be extinguished and the services resumed. Not much damage had been done. But one awful consequence resulted.

The crepe paper had burned off of every bottle. And there, standing starkly for the people to behold, were the large brown bottles that once had carried beer. Even the labels remained intact. On this side were three *Schlitz* bottles; on the other three *Budweisers*. And scattered around here and there were *Blue Ribbons*, *Acmes* and *Miller High Lifes*.

The ancient rites went on. But there was, as the people said afterwards, indeed something of the modern in them.

### Talking About Blood

Alexander the Great was not a pure Greek.

Alexander Hamilton was not a pure American.

Napoleon was not a Frenchman.

Hitler is not a thorough and through German.

Stalin is by no means a Russian.

The Nordic myth was first taught to Germans by the French Gobineau and the English Houston Stewart Chamberlain.

## **FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY**

**D. F. MILLER**

*Complaint:* What can a man do who has a wife who is constantly bewailing the fact that she never gets a chance to go out because she is tied down to the same routine all day and every day? I am a man who works hard and likes to come home at night and relax. But there is no relaxation when this sort of thing is all that I hear.

*Solution:* Your problem goes deeper than the mere question of whether to go out once in a while or not. You have apparently long since grown to take your wife for granted as the mother of your children and the keeper of your home. The nagging of which you speak would never have grown to the proportions it has, even apart from the problem you mention, if you had kept alive your wife's love for you by the little attentions that only a thoughtful person can conceive. Of course it is true that there are some women who are never contented with their lot in a home; but it is more universally true that a wife who is made to feel constantly that she is deeply loved and respected by her husband can be happy and cheerful even under the most adverse conditions. And if you had been exercising your ingenuity to show your love, you would long since have thought of an outing together now and then, and such treats would thus never have become an object of such restless longing to your wife as they are now. Make a few sacrifices, old man, of your own desires and preferences; make your wife see your love (not take it for granted) and soon she will be just as eager to consult your tastes as you will be to consult hers.

If it should happen, however, that you have married one of those incorrigibly restless types that simply cannot settle down, then your problem is difficult indeed. But you will get no place by giving it up and retiring more and more into yourself until the chasm between you becomes impassable. Start with the conviction that the case is not hopeless; that you are not going to admit defeat because there is always some new method of exercising influence that you can attempt; that with the help of prayer and self-sacrifice you will make up for the shortcomings of your wife and save your home. The reward will be worth the effort.

## WE MUST HAVE COPPER

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Perhaps you would never know how much you rely on copper unless it were suddenly taken away from you. That's because you never realized you have about 785 pounds of it in and about your home.

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F. STRATMAN

ONE mentions the word "copper" and immediately association brings the word electricity to mind. Yet, in the average modern American home 785 pounds of copper are in use, only a small fraction of which is to be found in your electric toaster, refrigerator, wall conductors and other electrical goods. Seventy-six per cent is used in things other than electrical. Glance around the room! You certainly do not see much evidence for some 597 pounds of copper, do you?

Copper has many uses which are unknown, or, at least, unrealized by almost everyone. On your very person you may find it. Have you a penny in your pocket? Or have you a dime, a quarter, or perhaps a gold coin? Even gold and silver coins have a small percentage of copper to make them hard and durable. And for the same reason copper may enter your very mouth; for it is used in union with gold and silver to make hard and durable fillings. Your belt buckle, your pen or pencil, your spectacles may likely be made of copper, at least in part. If you have a son or brother in the army now, he will surely have a few copper or part copper buttons and buckles as has the policeman who strolls along his beat in your neighborhood.

Copper is much used in an alloy with zinc to form brass. It is in this form that it is present all around. Raise the window! Open the door! Dial the radio! It is probable you touch copper in every one of these actions. Perhaps the hardware scheme in your home employs bronze throughout. Bronze is an alloy of copper and tin. In general, increasing the percentage of copper in alloys increases their redness. Hence by the proper proportioning of alloys, very beautiful copper colors can be had. Thus hardware can become beautiful as well as useful.

King Solomon, a thousand years before the beginning of the Christian era, knew ways in which copper alloys would beautify his palace, his carriages, and the houses of his wives. And he must have used some

of his great wisdom in choosing Ezion-geber, a seaport at the northern end of the Red Sea, as the site for his copper refineries, for Ezion-geber was chosen not only because it was a seaport and connected by water with the trade lanes of the world, but also because of the strong winds that prevailed there, which furnished excellent drafts for his blast furnaces. Part of these refineries are still to be seen today giving testimony to the seventh chapter of the third book of kings: "Whose father was a Tyrian, an artificer in brass, and full of wisdom, and understanding, and skill to work all work in brass. And when he was come to king Solomon, he wrought all his works" (3 Kings 7:14).

**I**N THE modern American home, one third of the copper in use is found in faucets, drain pipes, and other fittings and water-supply lines. Remove the coat of nickel or chromium from a water faucet; brass will be found. And brass means more copper.

The last third portion of copper is found in copper screen, copper gutters, downspouts, and flashing. It is the permanence of copper in adverse weather that makes it especially valuable here. Flies and gnats would grow very old waiting for a copper screen to rust through, for copper just does not rust. It does corrode but will outlast iron many, many times. Put copper screens up today and your grandchildren will be reaping the benefit of them many years from now. So also is the case for raingutters, weather stripping and such like uses of copper.

Modern scientific discoveries and modern engineering have advanced refining, handling, and the use of copper far beyond that of King Solomon's time. They have made it not only an ornament for palaces but a commonplace in every American home. Consequently, today, 785 pounds of copper serve the average modern home — your home — in innumerable and invaluable ways.

Today there is much talk of protecting the American home from foreign war machines. Should that become necessary, copper will contribute invaluable service; for the lack of copper in a modern war machine is as much a handicap as is the lack of nerves in a human body.

**T**HE million candle power electric searchlights combing the London skies for German bombers, the electric ears and vacuum tube amplifiers which convert the inaudible drone of distant enemy aircraft

into an easily located roar, the similarly constructed under-water ears used in submarine detection, all make use of electricity. Wherever electricity is in use, copper is to be found; for copper has the property of conducting electricity with but little loss or waste.

High efficiency and perfect co-ordination of a modern army and navy are possible only when intelligence can be transmitted from unit to unit practically instantaneously. A pilot flying a bomber in formation must keep in contact with other members of the crew, with other planes in the same formation, with his air-base, all of which are possible only through the use of the radio and telephone. On the island of Crete radio transmitters were landed with the parachutists in order that contact might be established at once with German bases, almost every other means of communication being unworkable. Today more than ever before, cruisers, destroyers, and battleships must rely upon radio for ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore communication. The radio and telephone being electrical devices, copper is again demanded.

There is more than a sufficient amount of copper in the world to supply the needs of all of the world's armies and navies, if it is properly proportioned. In the first place very few copper mines have ever been exhausted. The Mansfeld copper area, in Germany, is known to have produced copper continuously since the thirteenth century. The Spanish area of Rio Tinto is still active though known to have been worked for copper from the days of the Phoenicians. And at Branby, Connecticut — not far from the copper-rolling plant run by Paul Revere, of Revolutionary fame — the Simsbury mine, though it is today unable to compete with other mines where copper is more accessible, still contains a reserve of copper ores. The Simsbury mine, with a history extending back to 1705, was worked profitably until 1770. Shortly after 1770 it again rendered service, a service for which it became quite famous. It was used during the Revolutionary war as a prison.

**C**OPPER is an indestructible metal. Unlike coal and oil, it can be reclaimed after use and can be used over and over again. All fear about exhausting the world's supply of copper will be readily dispelled if the fact of the indestructibility of copper is associated with the fact that there is a known reserve of a hundred million tons — enough copper to last 69 years at the present rate of consumption. Moreover, if the past history of copper is any indication at all of the

future, many more reserves will be discovered before the 69 years elapse.

For citizens of the United States, copper for military, industrial and home consumption will probably never become a problem. There are four great copper areas in the world today in which 95 per cent of the known copper reserves lay hidden. In the order of their importance they are: the Rocky Mountain and Great Basin area of the United States; the West slope of the Andes in Peru and Chile; the central plateau of Africa in the Belgian Congo and Northern Rhodesia; and the Lake Superior area extending through Central Canada downward into Michigan. In this last area the largest native mass of copper yet found was discovered in 1857. The 420 ton "nugget" was 44 feet long, 22 feet wide and as much as 8 feet thick. With such sources within our borders we may be sure that industrialists will put into use in the average modern home far more than 785 pounds of copper, and that military experts will make good use of this ruddy red metal to help protect, if need be, those same American homes.

### Household Hints

A Preservative against the Plague: Take 3 or 4 great toads, 7 or 8 spiders, and as many scorpions, put them in a pot well stopped, and let them lye some time; then add virgin wax, make a good fire till all become a liquor, then mingle them all with a spatula, and make an ointment, and put it in a silver box well stopped, being well assured that while you carry it about with you you will never be infected with the plague.—Sieur Lemery, *"A Collection of most valuable secrets in arts and sciences. 1711."*

### Old Names For New Babies

Are you seeking a name for your baby? Perhaps one of these Puritan names found in a Sussex, England, jury list of about 1658 will appeal to you:

Faint-not Hewett	Grace-ful Harding
Redeemed Compton	Fight-the-good-fight Faith
God-reward Smart	Weep-not Billing
Earth Adams	Search-the-Scriptures Morton
Meek Brewer	Stand-fast-on-high Stringer
Kill-sin Pimple	Called Lower
More-fruit Flower	Hoped-for Bending
	Make-peace Heaton

## **CAPITALISM**

One of the questions most frequently discussed in regard to the economic condition of the world is this: Is capitalism good or bad? Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI have had a great deal to say on the subject, all of which resolves itself into the following principles:

1. If by capitalism is meant that economic system in which all men are capable of private ownership of productive wealth and may administer their ownership for the sake of profit, then the Catholic Church is not against capitalism but in favor of it. In this sense, a farmer who owns his land and tills the soil and sells his produce for profit is a capitalist. The corner grocery store owner who makes money by selling commodities is a capitalist. In theory, then, a system in which every man can be an owner and in which most men are owners and can make money on what they own is a good system.

2. If, on the other hand, by capitalism is meant the actual present condition in which great masses of wage-earners have become all but incapable of ownership, and in which a few men have become owners of most of the wealth and are able to divert business and economic activity entirely to their own will and advantage without any regard to the dignity of the workers, (Quad. Anno) then the Catholic Church is against capitalism. In this system, "the minority controls the means of production and controls all the products and profits and leaves to the laborer the barest minimum necessary to restore his strength. Pope Pius XI condemned this system as the fertile breeding ground for atheistic communism.

The essential element that makes this second kind of capitalism vicious is the fact that it renders ownership and therefore economic freedom and security so difficult if not impossible for the majority of men. In short, capitalism is good so long as it promotes ownership for all; capitalism is bad in so far as it concentrates ownership in a few hands. In the latter case, social, religious, educational and political life all suffer in a nation because of the control exercised by the few owners of most of the resources of the nation. Unless the evils of actual capitalism are rectified in a just manner, the danger of communism will become daily more great.

# PARENTS VS. TEACHERS

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Just a little reminder of some of the things involved in sending a child to school, and how the issues should not be and should be met.

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L. F. HYLAND

ABOUT this time of the year there are mingled feelings in most homes where there are children of school age. Mothers feel relief and rest because the vacation days are over, and they will no longer have to keep an eye on the children from early morning till they are consigned to sleep at night. For those mothers who have children making their first start to school, there is apt to be sadness, because it means that the children are growing up and will never be completely and unreservedly their own again. For the children, with but few exceptions, there is the regretful feeling that the happy, carefree days are over; the days of unlimited swimming, hiking, playing, idling, that to a child are a close approach to paradise.

No matter what various feelings are evoked by the opening of school, there are serious considerations to be well pondered by parents who are about to entrust their children to outside authorities for six or seven hours each day. "What should be," each parent may well say to himself or herself, "my attitude to the teachers who will be trying to educate my child?" Indirectly but positively, the answer to that question is going to have a great deal to do with the kind of education and character formation the child will receive.

Among the infinite variety of attitudes parents may assume in this matter, three can be singled out as generic enough to include or characterize the rest. We shall call them 1) *the abdicating attitude*; 2) *the combative attitude*; 3) *the cooperative attitude*. A description of each one, with its effects, will make it possible for parents to decide on the right attitude at the very beginning of school days.

## I. *The Abdicating Attitude*

There have always been parents who looked on the school as a complete and adequate substitute for the home. The school, in their mind, is the sole divinely ordained institution to teach their children not only grammar and arithmetic, but also manners and morals. It



relieves parents of all responsibility. It leaves nothing for the mother and father to do in the way of exercising discipline, inculcating principle, and teaching the fundamental truths of right living. Once school starts, the abdicating parents say happily: "Thank God, our work is all done."

This attitude has a cause and it has an effect. Its cause may be one of two things but usually it is both. The one is crass ignorance of the truth that parents can never, while living, turn over their whole responsibility to another for the upbringing of their children. Theirs is always the first right and the first obligation, and both the right and obligation continue even when they have delegated some authority to another. The other cause is self-centered sloth. They do not want to be troubled. They "cannot be bothered." They have their own lives to live, their own amusements to indulge, their own restlessness to assuage. If they are rich, they let servants take care of the children when the latter are not in school; if they are poor, they let the streets and the neighbors and the police look after the children.

The result of the abdicating principle on the part of parents is that the school cannot do much for the children. The child untaught and untrained at home is always the problem child of the school. Despite himself he may learn a few things, but what he learns will easily be turned to evil use instead of good. Out of the ranks of such rise the school bullies, the "toughs," the failures, and, eventually, most of the criminals.

*Axiom for parents:* If you want the school to develop character in your children, continue to train, teach, and discipline them at home.

## II. *The Combative Attitude*

At the other extreme is the combative attitude on the part of parents. They look on teachers in school as the natural enemies of the child, who are sure to launch a campaign of persecution against it if they are not watched carefully always and frequently given a good "raking over the coals." A low mark in the end of the month grades, or a punishment administered for throwing spit-balls, or a sharp rebuke because a lesson has not been studied, are almost sure to bring the irate parent to the school with fire flaming from the eyes and venom streaming from the tongue. Tears, threats, and libels form an arsenal of weapons used to batter down the enemy.

It is fortunate that combative parents are not in the majority because just a few can make life thoroughly miserable for teachers. More than that, they always spoil their own child and upset the impartial discipline that every good teacher tries to enforce for the benefit of all the children in school. Their own child adopts a "smart-aleck" attitude toward the teacher that plainly says: "You can't punish me because if you do my mother or father will get after you." The other children quickly sense the fact that outside pressure interferes with the administration of justice and resent the fact that it is lacking in support of themselves.

Parents who thus interfere with teachers in the area of school discipline are guilty of insufferable pride. True, it is possible that once in a while a child may be unfairly treated by a particular teacher; in such isolated cases an intelligent parent has the right to remonstrate, but will be sure to have all the facts first, and having them, will be able to obtain redress. In by far the majority of cases, however, parents who see injustice in the treatment of their children are themselves to blame. They have blinded themselves to the possibility that their child can commit a fault, and they have failed to convince the child that it must be docile and submissive to teachers in school.

*Axiom for Parents:* To insure the best results from your child's education in school, give him to understand clearly that the authority of teachers will be backed up by the authority of parents in every case except that of obvious and proven injustice.

### *III. The Cooperative Attitude*

The correct attitude of parents towards school and teachers must be based upon the fundamental truths concerning the office and function of the school. These truths may be worded in the form of axioms, which contain obvious truths that must be assimilated and applied by those who would have their children get the most out of their schooling. They are:

1. *The school is an adjunct or auxiliary of the home.* Schools came into existence only when it became impossible or impractical for parents to impart a thorough education to their children in the home. The school, therefore does not supersede the authority of the home, nor has it any authority independently of the home. As an auxiliary of the home, it gets its authority from parents, and that

authority must be freely delegated and upheld. To send a child to school and then to refuse to grant authority to the teachers in school would result in the breakdown of all authority in the home itself, because the two stem from the same source.

2. *The teaching of children involves not only giving them information, but the moulding of their characters as well, just as all teaching in the home must be accompanied by moral suasion and religious principle.* That is why Catholics insist on Catholic schools. At home they know that all child-training and instructing must be rooted in religion; since the school only takes over for the home during certain periods, the school's work must be rooted in religion as well.

3. *The efficacy of school training requires the interest and cooperation of parents but excludes their interference.* Interest is shown by meetings with teachers in which parents can learn things about their children that the teachers have found out and in which teachers can be assisted by information given by parents about their children. It is shown by an insistence on the child's home work and questions as to what it is learning. Thus home and school work as a unit, which is exactly what they are. Cooperation, however, is directly opposed to interference, by which parents presume to contradict and hamper the methods of those who have made teaching a profession.

THESE principles, we repeat, are obvious. But they are not too widely realized by the millions of parents who have children in school. Perhaps the best example of how they should be applied can be given in the few words of the parents who solemnly speak thus to each child on the first day of school: "While you are in school, your teachers have complete charge over you. You are to honor, respect and obey them, as you must honor, respect and obey your mother and father. And remember, if you have to be punished in school, you will receive a second punishment, and a worse one, when you come home." It will seldom have to be reported that such children need to be punished either in school or at home.

\* If we had preserved the faith of every Catholic since the birth of our nation we should now number 60,000,000 Catholics. \*

— *Preservation of the Faith Magazine.*

## THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

A thought that is needed by some shut-ins more than others and by all at one time or another is that of the necessity and merit of perfect obedience to the orders of a doctor or a nurse who is in charge. Some are inclined to disobedience in this regard through self-will and pride; some through a false impression that they are being coddled and babied; some through carelessness and thoughtlessness; some through the foolish notion that they know better than even a physician what is good for themselves.

Both naturally and supernaturally it can be seen that obedience in illness is the will of God. Naturally one should realize that it is unreasonable to pit one's own knowledge against that of experts in a given field. Even in the case of those who are experts themselves, the old principle should be applied: "No one is a judge in his own case." It is a common experience that professional men, doctors, surgeons, priests, who perhaps have had wide experience with the sick, are the hardest to handle when they are ill themselves. In their disobedience they are acting contrary to the very principles they have always insisted on in others.

Supernaturally, every one knows that in obedience to the command of every lawful superior much merit can be gained. In illness one's lawful superior is the physician, who becomes God's representative in ordering that which is necessary for the restoration of health. In obedience one is simply fulfilling the command of God by which all men are bound to use reasonable means for the preservation and restoration of health. Such obedience will be rewarded just as the child's obedience to its parents, and as the citizen's obedience to the lawful authorities in the state.

Let those who are ill, then, be consoled when the commands of a doctor or nurse become irksome and hard to fulfill. They are manifestations of God's will, and conformity to God's will is not only the secret of true happiness, but a simple formula for the making of saints.

## EXAMEN FOR LAYMEN (IX)

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This month the examen embraces the elements of temperance, exclusive of chastity which was treated last month. Next month the examen will be on obedience.

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F. A. RYAN

**T**EMPERANCE is defined as the virtue by which a man has the power to control his concupiscible appetites, especially those that are appealed to through the sense of taste and the sense of touch. Concupiscible appetites are man's appetites for sense pleasure. The two strongest sense pleasures that are within the experience of man are those related to the preservation of his body, enjoyed through eating and drinking, and those related to the preservation of the race, enjoyed through the relationships of sex.

The virtue of chastity is therefore a species of temperance, but since it has been treated in a special examen, the present one will confine itself to temperance in eating and drinking. Just as in matters pertaining to sex there is lawful indulgence in sense pleasure and unlawful, so in eating and drinking. God created the appetites and pleasures connected with eating and drinking and the objects that satisfy them, so that man would have an added incentive for preserving his life by taking nourishment. When the pleasure of eating and drinking is not separated from the purpose of self-preservation, and not contrary to it by being harmful to either body or soul, then it is morally good.

Opposed to temperance in this restricted sense are the sins of gluttony and drunkenness. These have always been pre-eminently pagan vices, from the time of the ancient Roman epicureans down to modern times when neo-paganism has promoted the eager pursuit of pleasures of sense for their own sake alone. Opposed to intemperance is the practice of mortification, whereby one not only rejects inordinate indulgence in the pleasures of sense, but practices self-denial even in some lawful things so that he will be strengthened in will against the assaults of temptation. Sins against temperance may be outlined as follows:

### I. MORTAL SINS

1. Have I, with full knowledge of what I was doing beforehand,

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seriously injured my health or shortened my life by overeating?

2. Have I refused to take certain food or medicine after I was told by a doctor that it was absolutely necessary to save or prolong my life?

3. Have I deliberately continued eating certain foods after a doctor or experience told me that they would cause serious illness?

4. Have I overeaten with the intention of relieving myself of the discomfort or illness that would follow by bringing about vomiting?

5. Have I knowingly broken my fast and then received Holy Communion?

6. Have I broken the law of abstinence by deliberately eating meat on a Friday or some other day of abstinence?

7. Have I, without a reason of health or hard work and without a dispensation, broken the law of fast by taking more than one full meal on a day of fast?

8. Have I used drugs or narcotics, not under a doctor's orders, but for the sake of the exalted feelings they would cause?

9. Have I, without serious reason, given drugs to others whom I knew to be in danger of becoming addicts?

10. Have I, as a physician or nurse or attendant, deliberately given medicine or food to a sick person which I knew would bring about their death?

11. Have I drunk intoxicating liquor to the extent that I lost control of my senses?

12. Have I, knowing that I was so constituted that one or two drinks would surely lead to intoxication, nevertheless deliberately taken them?

13. Have I urged or encouraged or deceived others into becoming intoxicated?

14. Have I sold intoxicating liquor to one whom I knew to be on the verge of intoxication?

15. Have I made my family suffer grave privation by spending most of my income on drink?

## II. VENIAL SINS

1. Have I semi-deliberately made myself indisposed by over-eating?

2. Have I given in to gluttony by nibbling almost every hour of the day?

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3. Have I been indiscreet in not obeying the advice of a doctor as to my choice of foods?

4. Have I eaten slightly more than was permitted on days of fast when I had no excuse or dispensation?

5. Have I taken more intoxicating liquor than was good for me even though I did not become actually drunk?

6. Have I run the risk of either harming my health or becoming an addict of drink by taking some form of alcohol too frequently?

7. Have I spent more than I could rightly afford on intoxicating beverages?

8. Have I jested about drunkenness and so lessened others' hatred of it as a grave sin?

9. Have I encouraged others to drink more than was good for them?

10. Have I broken a promise or pledge not to drink intoxicating liquor for a certain period of time?

### III. HELPS AND COUNSELS

1. Have I practiced any mortification of taste either by denying myself certain foods or by not eating at certain times?

2. Have I meditated on the thirst of Our Lord on the cross, that I might be inspired to share His suffering for my sins?

3. Have I tried to use my influence over friends and acquaintances to prevent any kind of over-indulgence in alcohol?

4. Have I prayed before and after meals, both to show gratitude to God for His gifts and to ask for strength not to misuse them?

5. Have I realized that intemperance in eating or drinking easily leads to intemperance in the form of lust?

### *Girls Are Like Clocks*

Vain girls who think of nothing but the fashions are like tower clocks: everybody looks at them, but no one stretches out his hand towards them.

Pretty, empty-headed girls are like musical clocks: at first they are amusing, but before long they begin to bore everyone.

Wealthy girls are like gold watches: everybody who sees them at once asks how much they are worth.

Gossiping girls are like alarm clocks: they offend our ears, and people quickly try to turn them off.

But home-loving girls are like pendulum clocks: they are slow, but they can be relied on.

## MOMENTS AT MASS

F. A. BRUNNER

### *The Canon—Recalling Christ's Redemption*

The Roman liturgy ends the words of institution by quoting our Lord's command to do this in memory of him. As if to assure him that we do remember him always, the priest continues with the beautiful prayer:

"Wherefore, O Lord, we thy servants as well as thy holy people, calling to mind the blessed passion of the same Christ, thy Son, our Lord, together with his resurrection from the grave and his glorious ascension into heaven, offer up to thy excellent majesty from among thy gifts and presents a pure victim, a holy victim, a spotless victim, the holy bread of everlasting life and the chalice of ceaseless salvation."

At this moment the priest gazes with the utmost reverence at the sacred sacrifice on the altar, and makes the sign of the cross five times over the elements, showing thereby that they are set apart from all profane use.

#### *Historical Considerations:*

The commemoration of Christ's life is the Catholic function of all the church assembled; actually the words "we thy servants" refer to the clergy who are assisting at Mass, and "thy holy people" to the faithful present. The two phases take us back to a time when the Eucharist was offered collectively by the pope surrounded by all the clergy and laity gathered at one of the Roman station churches.

#### *Dogmatic Considerations:*

The thought of the passion is a self-evident outgrowth of the words of consecration. And a more penetrating study will show that the commemoration of the resurrection and ascension is in turn necessitated by the mention of the passion, for the three are intimately linked in the fulfillment of Christ's Messianic kingdom. The chalice of salvation which we drink in memory of Jesus is the fruition and fulfillment of that redemptive work which was not completed till Christ rose above the clouds to send the Comforter who would perfect all things. Mass transports us not only to the mount of Calvary where Christ bled but also to the mount of the ascension, the last mystery in the earthly life of him who merited for humanity the glory which he wills us to share.

Through the consecration the offerings of the faithful have been put into the hands of a mediator who is man-God. Here the qualities of goodness and purity required of the victims of the old Mosaic law are fully realized; it is the Church's great joy to be able to offer God a sacrifice wholly worthy of him.



## Side Glances

by The Bystander

Take a sideglance this month at the growing American custom of making generalizing statements about all members of a class of people on the basis of facts known and provable about a few, or on the basis of facts that are no more than probable. This habit, daily becoming stronger and indulged by the best, can, if it becomes universal itself, thoroughly nullify any pretensions we may make to being a highly literate and intellectual people. There is no more fundamental principle to be remembered in all reasoning and argument than this: what is observed of a few members of a certain class of people does not prove that it may be said of all the members of the same class. "One swallow does not make a summer." "One apple may corrupt a whole bushel of apples in time," but the presence of one apple in a basket does not prove that all have already been corrupted.



Take up your daily paper and read a few speeches, columns, quotations, or listen at random to fellow-citizens commenting on current events or situations, and before long you will find plenty of examples of such sophomoric generalization. "All union men are communists or racketeers." "All employers are thieves." "All Jews are plotting to corner all the money in the world." "All New-Dealers are either Communists or morons." "All republicans are rugged individualists or millionaires." Sometimes the statements are made in just such brash simplicity; at other times they are cloaked in a maze of words whose central theme is the same. The peculiar part of it is that almost everybody who makes a statement like the above has the refutation in his own experience. To disprove a universal statement, only one instance in which it does not hold is sufficient. There are not many people who do not know one union man who is honest and upright and Christian; one employer who is trying to be fair and just; one Jew who is plotting nothing; one New-Dealer who is both intelligent and virtuous; one republican who is against concentration of wealth in a few hands. Furthermore, those who make such statements, even though they be widely traveled, read and acquainted, cannot possibly have come into contact with more than a small percentage of the class of people they glibly characterize. The laws of logical induction insist that unless an attribute of an object be evidently a part of that object's nature or essentially connected with it, it may not be applied to all objects of the same nature unless each one is examined in turn. Who ever examined all union men, all Jews, all New-Dealers, all republicans, etc., to find out by evidence that the attributes mentioned above, which are not a part of anyone's nature, are present in each and every one?



The war issues have evoked a veritable torrent of generalizations. "All anti-war persons are pro-Nazi." "All British sympathizers are war-mongers." "All isolationists are for destroying our liberties." "All

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interventionists are approving Britain's conquests of 300 and 400 years ago." Not one of these statements can be proved. Many people are sincerely anti-war and anti-Nazi at the same time. Many interventionists have no great love for England and no great hatred for the German people. Many sympathizers with the British cause today do not approve of what British sovereigns did 300 years ago. Yet statements like the above are being made every day. They do not spring from intellectual analysis, but from sentiment and feeling, which contribute to the formation of *prejudice*, which means making a judgment before all the facts are examined.



The bad habit displays itself in other spheres as well. Modern youth is a handy subject for generalization. "All young people are disrespectful, disobedient, irreligious, etc." "The youth of today lives only for swing music, dancing, and petting parties." Such obviously false general statements drive others to equally false generalizations of an opposite character, and it is hard to say whether these are not more foolish than the former. "All modern young people are good, chaste, studious, wholesome." "There is no fault in young people at all; the whole trouble is with their parents." Sometimes the denunciations or approvals become more specific: "All girls want to be chaste; all boys want to be unchaste." Or: "The girls are to blame for all the sins of young people today; the boys are mere victims." We could provide page and text showing these and innumerable more statements like them made by highly reputed thinkers; every such statement is enough to blast the reputation of anyone considered a thinker. The most meagre experience in modern society will show the most myopic observer that there are good young people and bad young people; good parents and bad parents; good boys and good girls and many that are not so good. The person who lets a few experiences of very bad or very good young people or old people drive him into a generalization about all is not using his endowment of intelligence at all.



Perhaps the most common of all subjects on which unprovable generalizations are made is that of race. A man meets one Italian, or one Mexican, or one Negro, or one Spaniard, and then attributes traits or characteristics to all members of the nation or race on the basis of his one experience. Or he happens to live among the lower classes of a particular foreign element, and before long can be heard repeating: "All Italians are thieves." "All Mexicans are liars." "All Negroes are immoral." This sort of thing is the very ultimate in folly and reveals the lowest type of mentality. There is every bit as much evidence to prove that all Americans are liars, thieves, libertines and a lot of other things. Those who make such statements need the rebuke given by an intelligent world-traveler to a man who asked him if he did not believe that all persons of a certain nationality were bad. "No," he answered. "I have found them like the people of every nation under the sun: when they are good they are very good; when they are bad they are rotten."

# Catholic Anecdotes

## OBJECT LESSON

**T**HE story is told of a Christian child who lived in the house of a pagan. It was the age of idolatry, and the pagan had one of the rooms in his house set aside as a chapel, in which he kept statues of his favorite gods and burned incense before them.

One night the child went into this "chapel" and broke into pieces all the statues of the gods except the largest. This one he left standing on its pedestal, and into its hand he put a large stick.

When the pagan next morning saw what had been done, he flew into a rage, and summoning the child before him, accused him of having done the damage.

"Why accuse me?" returned the child. "It must have been Jupiter there. See the stick in his hand."

"Ridiculous!" cried the pagan. "That statue cannot raise its hand. You are the one who is guilty!"

"Well," said the child, "if your statue can't do as much as I who am a child, how can you believe that it is the God of heaven and earth, Who created all things out of nothing?"

## SACERDOTAL DETECTIVE

**A** WOMAN once came to a priest and asked him for some charm to use upon her cow, which had ceased to give milk.

"The animal must be bewitched," the woman said, "and I want you to take away the spell."

The priest thereupon gave the woman a sealed paper, and told her to go out every night at ten o'clock and touch the door of the stable with it.

The woman followed these instructions carefully, and wondrous to behold! the cow again gave milk as before. But the woman noticed with surprise that every night when she went out to the stable that the door was open and there were

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indications that someone had taken a hasty departure.

At last, on the third night, she met the brother of her servant in the stable, and he admitted that he had been stealing the milk.

The woman then returned to the priest, who told her to open the sealed letter and read its contents. The woman did so, and this is what she read:

"Sit up later in the evening, watch better by night, and the magic will all soon disappear."

### RETORT TO FLATTERY

ONCE as St. Canute, king of Denmark, was walking along the seashore with his courtiers, one of them seeking some advancement, began to flatter him, saying:

"Oh my king, you are the most powerful lord of all, master of men and of the waters and of the dry land."

The king stopped, and by way of reply, turned towards the sea and said:

"Waves, I command you not to come as far as my feet."

Of course, the waves continued to roll in as before, and the king then turned to his courtiers and said:

"How can you call me the most mighty king, when not even the little waves obey me?"

### PARTNERS

AN OLD fisherman took a young man as passenger in his boat on one of his trips. On one of the oars, the young man noticed was written the word "Pray." On the other oar, the word "Work."

"Why, uncle," the young man cried, "you are quite out of date. What does anybody want with prayer, if he works?"

The old fisherman said nothing, but he let go the oar on which "pray" was written, and rowed with the other. He rowed and rowed; but they only turned round and round and made no progress.

"You see," he said at last, "if we work alone, we accomplish nothing. But if we work and pray, we move ahead quickly towards our goal."

# Pointed Paragraphs

## ***Opinions are Unfashionable***

From observing people during our modest travels, we have reached the conclusion that almost everyone, be he learned or unlearned, be he rich or be he poor, has achieved a condition of absolute and infallible certainty as to which side is in the right side and which course should be followed in the present world crisis.

Seldom does one hear the expression "in my opinion" any more. Almost everyone we have heard discussing world events is so absolutely certain that truth lies in his or her view of the matter that one can only stand in awe before such monumental self-assurance.

And when two such persons, each holding an opposite view, engage in an argument on the subject, one can observe at first hand the interesting phenomena which result when an irresistible force comes into contact with an immovable object. The safest course at such times is not to inject your own person into the discussion. If you do, the chances are that you will be ground to powder like a pebble between two millstones.

For ourselves, we have scrupulously refrained from expressing our views on the world situation in the pages of this magazine. Not because we are afraid to stand up for them, but because they are *opinions*, not convictions. Against the red hot convictions held by so many, we are afraid that our mere opinions would stand little show. There is no possibility of argument with a man who will not admit so much as a grain of truth in any view of the matter other than his own.

Meanwhile, we will be glad to give you an expression of our opinion privately, if you so desire, but not publicly in the pages of this magazine. We are timid souls, and while we love an argument, there is nothing we hate so much as a brawl.

## ***Beneficent Shortage***

One element of the defense program, which offers so much of hardship and sacrifice to the general public, may turn out to be an unmixed blessing, writhe though we may when it is first mentioned. It is the fact that in the coming year the production of automobiles is going to be reduced by fifty and possibly by seventy per cent, and the consumption of gasoline reduced to a minimum.

Think what that means!

Fifty or seventy per cent of us may have to spend our holidays hiking or swimming or playing games in a park instead of driving like fury to no place in particular, accompanied by about 50,000 other automobiles.

Fifty or seventy per cent of us will not have a single opportunity to meet sudden death at a railroad crossing or under the wheels of a car driven by a nineteen-year-old who has to show his girl-friend that "his car can do sixty" going around a blind curve.

Fifty or seventy per cent of us will find out what fun there is in good reading or intelligent conversation because we shall not be able to spend all our spare time either tinkering with an automobile or riding in it.

Fifty or seventy per cent of us will never have to see the beauties of rustic scenery concealed by huge signboards on which we are commanded: "Wake up your liver."

And fifty or seventy per cent of us will never have to appear in court to pay fines of ten dollars and costs for driving through stop-signs, going thirty-one miles an hour in a village, or turning a corner from the wrong lane.

The possibilities are stupendous. Just to learn to walk again will be a boon to the whole nation. Muscles will grow stronger; eyes will grow brighter; conversation will improve (stimulated by those long walks); health will be more robust than ever. Army recruits will be able to march without getting bunions, corns, fallen arches, and varicose veins.

Make it a ninety per cent reduction, boys. We're all for it — if only you leave us among the unreduced ten per cent.

## ***Summer Adventure***

We have both witnessed and conducted a number of retreats dur-

ing the current summer season. Some were for women, some for men, some for nuns, some for seminarians, some for boys. As usual, they taught us many things we had either forgotten or never been conscious of before.

They taught us how clearly God gave men and women minds with which to think about spiritual and divine things. The sense of adventure and exploration overwhelms those making their first retreat. They thought their minds were created to think about such petty and uninspiring things as business, making money, holding a job, politics and play. They learn that their minds are capable of stretching into infinity, embracing God, and exploring eternity. They are never quite satisfied with using them only for the petty things thereafter.

They taught us that there need be no such thing as despair in human hearts, despite the incidence of wars and depressions, accidents and catastrophies. For despair breeds only in those who are blind to realities that transcend mortality and earthliness. A retreat heals blindness; it shows a man his worth and value to the Creator; it makes him feel that whatever earth and its inhabitants may do to him, they cannot disturb his stature before God.

They taught us, too, how sad it is that millions of people today are growing up, living and dying, without the opportunity to know even the most elementary truths about themselves. Their schools tell them about food, clothing, making money, etiquette, science, etc.; they never mention what man himself is. Many of their ministers are befuddled themselves, contradicting today what they said yesterday, offering no certainties, putting a premium on doubt and perplexity. They need the anchorage of certainties about themselves. A retreat gives it to some, but they are so few.

Get in line, you who read this, when the next retreat is announced in your district. You will be in line for an adventure that will out-strip anything you have ever experienced.

### *Life's Little Embarrassments Department*

"Having witnessed the guillotining of many persons, I am inclined to believe that sense and consciousness may remain for a few seconds after the head is off. The eyes seemed to retain speculation for a moment or two, and there was a look in the ghastly stare with which they stared upon the crowd which implied that the head was aware of its ignominious situation."

Stauffer, "*Cabinet for the Curious*."

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

## Mary the Hope of All.

and that He curses

those who put their

trust in creatures in

these words of the

prophet Jeremias: *Cursed be the man that trusteth in man*. Mary, they exclaim, is a creature; and how can a creature be our hope? This is what the heretics say, but in spite of this the Holy Church obliges all ecclesiastics and religious each day to raise their voices, and in the name of all the faithful invoke and call Mary by the sweet name of "Our Hope," — the hope of all.

The angelical Doctor St. Thomas says, that we can place our hope in a person in two ways; as a principal cause, and as a mediate one. Those who hope for a favor from a king, hope it from him as lord; they hope for it from his minister or favorite as an intercessor. If the favor is granted, it comes primarily from the king, but it comes through the instrumentality of the favorite; and in this case he who seeks the favor is right in calling his intercessor his hope. The King of Heaven, being infinite goodness, desires in the highest degree, to enrich us with His graces; but because confidence is requisite on our part, and in

order to increase it in us, He has given us His own Mother to be our Mother and advocate, and to her He has given all power to help us; and therefore He wills that we should repose our hope of salvation and of every blessing in her. Those who place their hopes in creatures alone, independently of God, as sinners do, and in order to obtain the friendship and favor of a man, fear not to outrage his divine Majesty, are most certainly cursed by God, as the prophet Jeremias says. But those who hope in Mary, as Mother of God, who is able to obtain graces and eternal life for them, are truly blessed and acceptable to the heart of God who desires to see that greatest of all His creatures honored; for she loved and honored Him more than all men and angels put together. And therefore we justly and reasonably call the Blessed Virgin our hope, trusting, as Cardinal Bellarmin says, "that we shall obtain through her intercession, that which we should not obtain by our own unaided prayers." "We pray to her," says the learned Suarez, "in order that the dignity of the intercessor may supply for our own unworthiness; so that," he continues, "to implore the Blessed Virgin in such a spirit, is not diffidence in the mercy of God, but fear of our own unworthiness."

It is, then, not without reason that the Holy Church, in the words



of Ecclesiasticus, calls Mary the *Mother of holy hope*. She is the mother who gives birth to holy hope in our hearts; not to the hope of the vain and transitory goods of this life, but of the immense and eternal goods of heaven.

"Hail, then, O hope of my soul!" exclaims St. Ephrem, addressing the divine Mother; "hail, O certain salvation of Christians; hail, O helper of sinners; hail, fortress of the faithful and salvation of the world!" Other saints remind us, that after God, our only hope is Mary; and therefore they call her, "after God, their only hope."

St. Ephrem, reflecting on the present order of Providence, by which God wills that all who are saved should be saved by the means of Mary, thus addresses her: "O Lady, cease not to watch over us; preserve and guard us under the wings of thy compassion and mercy, for, after God, we have no hope but in thee." St. Thomas of Villanova repeats the same thing, calling her "our only refuge, help, and asylum." St. Bernard seems to give the reason for this when he says, "See, O man, the designs of God,—designs by which He is able to dispense His mercy more abundantly to us; for, desiring to redeem the whole human race, He has placed the whole price of redemption in the hands of Mary, that she may dispense it at will."

In the book of Exodus we read that God commanded Moses to make a mercy-seat of the purest gold, because it was thence that

he would speak to him. *Thou shalt make also a propitiatory of the purest gold. . . . Thence will I give orders, and will speak to thee.* St. Andrew of Crete says that "the whole world embraces Mary as being this propitiatory." And, commenting on his words a pious author exclaims: "Thou, O Mary, art the propitiatory of the whole world, from thee does our most compassionate Lord speak to our hearts; from thee He speaks words of pardon and mercy; from thee He bestows His gifts; from thee all good flows to us." And therefore, before the divine Word took flesh in the womb of Mary, He sent an archangel to ask her consent: because He willed that the world should receive the Incarnate Word through her, and that she should be the source of every good. Hence St. Irenaeus remarks, that as Eve was seduced by a fallen angel, to flee from God, so Mary was led to receive God into her womb, obeying a good angel; and thus by her obedience repaired Eve's disobedience, and became her advocate and that of the whole human race. "If Eve disobeyed God, yet Mary was persuaded to obey God, that the Virgin Mary might become the advocate of the virgin Eve. And as the human race was bound to death through a virgin, it is saved through a Virgin."



Mary is rich in power and rich in pity; she is eager to save the world, and able to save the world, if the world has recourse to her.

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## New Books and Old

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From the Catholic Literary Guild press comes a very interesting volume by the well known sociologist, Joseph F. Thorning. It is entitled: *Builders of the Social Order* (183 pages) and is available

from them for \$1.50. (Members of the Guild, of course, obtain it for 50c.) Dr. Thorning says in his introduction that the purpose of his volume is to suggest practicable, democratic solutions to our social problems in the light of the Papal Encyclicals. His method of doing this is to describe in a series of short essays the lives and work of various diplomats, churchmen and political leaders who illustrate Catholic teaching in their own lives, and carry it out in their work for the betterment of society. Most of the essays are based on personal interviews obtained by the author, and among the figures represented are Eamon DeValera, Cardinal Goma Y Tomas, late Spanish Cardinal, Dr. Heinrich Bruening, former chancellor of Germany, President Getulio Vargas of Brazil, and Mr. J. H. Caffery, United States Ambassador to Brazil. There are four essays on General Francisco Franco's life and work in Spain, together with his social program for that country. Not all of the men treated are Catholics, but all of them testify to the soundness of Papal teachings on needed reform in the social order. There is an amusing account of an interview with the late Huey P. Long, in which that stormy politician, after quoting the encyclicals in favor of his "Share-the-Wealth" plan (long since defunct), professed an entire ignorance of the "occupational group" system advocated by Pope Pius XI. "That is part of the encyclical which I have not read," Huey said, with unabashed frankness. "I don't know anything about it. But it sounds like NRA. If it's NRA, I'm against it." Father Thorning writes with urbanity and clearness, and the impartial tone of these essays makes them all the more impressive as a testimony to the intrinsic

*A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGUORIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.*

soundness and appeal of the Papal program for social reform. The last two essays on "True Internationalism — Brotherhood in God" and "Mary our Mother" give a truly Catholic tone to this very

praiseworthy Catholic book.

About nine years ago Father Cyril Martindale, S.J., the well known English Jesuit, delivered a series of lectures over the British Broadcasting System on the general subject *What Are Saints?* In this series Father Martindale treated in 15 talks of 15 minutes each the lives of various Saints, chosen from all walks of life and all professions, beginning with St. Paul and ending with the saintly Irish laboring man, Matt Talbot, who died as recently as 1925. In between were presented vignettes of men like St. Augustine, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Vincent de Paul, and others. These talks aroused widespread interest, rather unusual in view of the fact that Father Martindale was uncompromisingly Catholic in his approach, and that the proportion of Catholics in England is even smaller than that in the United States, where about one person in five is a Catholic. After the series had been finished a printed edition of the lectures was brought out in answer to many requests, and in a short time 50,000 copies were sold. This little volume (157 pages) entitled *What Are Saints?* and now available in a cheap edition from Sheed & Ward at \$1.00 is the very best introduction one could wish to the nature and meaning of sanctity and sainthood. Father Martindale is a vigorous writer, and these are not mere plaster-cast likenesses of the Saints, but flesh and blood portrayals of them; one feels almost as if one has shaken their hands and spoken to them familiarly after reading these short sketches of their lives. Interwoven into the biographies are those shrewd comments on modern life, little asides, and half-joking criticisms for

which Father Martindale's writing is famous, and which put the reader on a plane of easy familiarity with the author. Some criticism was aroused because of the fact that only men Saints are treated in this series. Father Martindale hinted at the possibility of a future series on women saints, but the approach of the war found him in Denmark, and there he has been forced to remain up to the present time.

*The Earliest Christian Liturgy* by Rev. Joseph Maria Nielen, translated by Rev. Patrick Cummins, O.S.B., (Herder, \$3.00, 416 pages) will be of interest only to dyed-in-the-wool students of the liturgy, who are prepared to dive deep in search of their subject, but for them it should be an indispensable addition to the library. It sets out to answer such questions as have occurred to anyone who has studied the liturgy, i.e., what are the roots of our Christian ceremonies, to what extent are they original and to what extent are they dependent upon Jewish influences and the religions contemporary with the beginnings of Christianity. No writer is as thorough-going in his research as a German writer, and Father Nielen lives up to the best traditions of German scholarship. The first half of this volume deals with what the author calls "Historical Presuppositions," and in it he relates the liturgy to Jesus' practice of prayer, the Jewish and pagan influences, and the contribution of the New Testament writings. In the second half he examines the various elements of the Christian liturgy as it was practiced among the early Christians. As the translator, Father Cummins, points out in his Introduction, Father Nielen may be criticised for being at times so absorbed with his scriptural sources that he becomes neglectful of the influence of tradition, but we can say that the book on the whole is very sound in its approach.

Those who take an interest in sociological topics will find much valuable material in the publications of the Central Bureau of the Catholic Central Verein of America. A new pamphlet by the well-known Rev. Bernard W. Dempsey entitled *Corporate Democracy* (10c) offers a short discussion of Corporatism in its nature and operation, and shows how the occupational groups advocated by

Pope Pius XI are a safeguard of democratic ideals. *The Family—Cornerstone of Social Reorganization* by Rev. Anthony L. Ostheimer suggests that the rehabilitation of the Family must be recognized as the very foundation of social reform. The Central Verein has a list of free pamphlets and leaflets on various sociological subjects which they will send to anyone upon request. Among the subjects treated are Credit Unions, Cooperatives, Maternity Guilds, and Catholic Action Organization in various age groups. In fact, the Society can supply literature upon almost any phase of the social movement that you may be interested in. But there are also pamphlets available on subjects as diverse as modern fashions in dress and a physiological study of the

—L. G. M.

Like their previous book, this latest exposition by Drs. W. L. Willigan and J. J. O'Connor should be more than welcome to anyone interested in the welfare of our country—whether priest or layman, teacher or student. For *Social Order* (Longmans, Green, \$3.00) in its treatment of social problems here in our own midst is an attempt "to collate the fundamental tenets of Christianity with the most recent and authoritative findings of sociological research." The authors are to be commended for the marvelous result of their work: they show us the tremendous problems that face us and they indicate the approach to the right solution. And if we were to single out any particular section, we would select the first chapter—"Social Order, The Goal of Our Democracy," and the last chapter—"Social Order and Reconstruction."—J. A. B.

Every Friday a Perpetual Novena in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help is broadcast from the shrine of Our Lady in the Bronx, New York City. In a pamphlet *Flashing Truths*, Rev. Peter F. Starin, C.Ss.R., has gathered together some of the short sermons delivered during this program, which is primarily intended for the sick and for shut-ins, together with a few letters and inspirational verses. The sermons are short, popular and consoling, and should be helpful to those whose lives are by the mysterious designs of God spent in the shadow of suffering.

# *L u c i d   I n t e r v a l s*

"You have heard what the last witness said," persisted the counsel, "and yet your evidence is to the contrary. Am I to infer that you wish to throw doubt on her veracity?"

The polite young man waved a deprecating hand.

"Not at all," he replied. "I merely wish to make it clear what a liar I am if she's speaking the truth."

\*

Mistress: "Why didn't you answer the telephone?"

New Maid: "I was afraid, Ma'am."

Mistress: "Then why didn't you call me, you simpleton?"

New Maid: "I wouldn't dare to call you anything like that, Ma'am."

\*

A man who stuttered was asked why he did so.

"It's my p-p-p-peculiarity," he answered. "Everybody has s-s-s-some p-p-p-peculiarity."

"I don't have any," said the questioner. "Don't y-y-y-you s-s-s-stir your c-c-c-coffee with your r-r-r-right hand?"

"Yes, of course."

"That's your p-p-p-peculiarity. Most p-p-p-people use a s-s-s-spoon!"

\*

Johnny had been the guest of honor at a party the day before, and his friend was regarding him enviously.

"How was it? Have a good time?" he asked.

"Did I?" was the emphatic answer. "I ain't hungry yet!"

\*

Waiter: "Haven't you forgotten something, sir?"

Professor: "Why, I thought I gave you the customary tip."

Waiter: "You did, sir, but you forgot to eat."

\*

The dean of the Law Department was very busy and rather cross. The telephone rang.

"Well, what is it?" he snapped.

"Is that the city gas-works?" said a woman's soft voice.

"No, madam," roared the dean; "this is the University Law Department."

"Ah," she answered in the sweetest of tones, "I didn't miss it so far, after all, did I?"

A rather stout woman was making herself a nuisance in the big store which was holding its annual sale. Nothing, it seemed, would suit her, and the unfortunate sales girl was beginning to get a little weary.

"Haven't you anything ready-made that will fit me?" asked the customer at last.

"Yes; the umbrellas and the handkerchiefs are downstairs, madam," the girl replied.

\*

"You seem to have plenty of intelligence for a man in your position," sneered a barrister, cross-examining a witness.

"If I wasn't on oath I'd return the compliment," replied the witness.

\*

It was an opening appearance of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, with Stokowski at his most majestic. The music was crashing and thunderous, when suddenly there fell an abrupt and complete silence, beginning a brief but absolute rest in the music.

Out of the still night there came a high-pitched feminine voice, full of reproach. "But," it said, "I always fry mine in lard."

\*

"He's only a baby yet, Ethel. Babies can't talk."

"Oh, yes, they can, father," insisted Ethel, "for Job could talk when he was a baby."

"Job! What do you mean?"

"Yes," said Ethel. "Nurse was telling us today that it says in the Bible, 'Job cursed the day he was born.'"

\*

A young man dashed into the electrician's shop, his face flushed with anger. "Didn't I ask you yesterday morning to send a man to mend our doorbell?" he roared, "and didn't you promise to send him round at once?"

"But we did, sir," broke in the manager. "I'm quite sure of it! Hi, Bill!" he called to one of his workmen at the back of the office. "Didn't you go round to Park Lodge yesterday to do that job?"

"Yessir," replied Bill. "I went round all right, and I rang the bell for over ten minutes, but I couldn't get no answer, so I guessed they must all be out."